

THREE DAY LO.

Vol. 66, #12, 1947.

REPRINTED FROM

## MOTHER—

Yes, it's so easy! Why Drest practically floats away the grease from our cream separator.

## GIRL—

Honestly, Drest is the most wonderful work-saver I ever saw!

See the famous  
Cream Quality movie  
"A FAST WORKER"



## FATHER—

Drest's better cleaning gives us a higher yield in butter fat and better quality cream. And that means more money, eh, son?

## SON—

You bet, Dad. And with no hard brushing, Drest helps the equipment last longer!

# LOOK!

In only 2 MINUTES...

# THE CLEANEST CREAM SEPARATOR you ever saw—with amazing drest!

IT'S HERE! The best, most successful, method for cleaning milking equipment ever discovered! This improved up-to-date method is far easier, quicker, more thorough than ever before. Think of it! With Drest—Procter & Gamble's amazing Wetting Agent—it takes only 2 minutes... twice a day. That's cutting two-thirds from the cleaning time taken by old, tedious methods.

### NO HARD BRUSHING!

Drest does away with hard brushing and scouring... because its unique action pierces milk scum—actually dissolves the greasy coating left behind by milk, and floats it away. Drest removes old milkstone and prevents new milkstone from forming. It's amazing how

discs and hard-to-reach surfaces are practically flushed clean with Drest!

### MORE MONEY FOR YOUR PRODUCT THROUGH HIGHER BUTTER FAT YIELD!

Leading dairy experts endorse this remarkable method that not only saves time—but assures better quality cream, higher butter fat yield, and more money for your product. Drest suds are economical... their efficiency is long-lasting. After cleaning separator, use same active solution on other utensils.

Be sure you get peak efficiency from your milking machine also by cleaning it with Drest and hot water after every milking. Use Drest for dishwashing, too—dishes and glasses shine, even without wiping. Get Drest at your store today.

### NO SCOURING!

### NO SCUM!

### NO MILKSTONE!



Made in Canada  
A Hymosol Product

### SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!

Send us your name and address and we will mail you a copy of the interesting free booklet, "2-Minute Cleaning Magic," which shows you how to clean the cream separator in only 2 minutes!

Don't miss the famous Cream Quality movie, "A Fast Worker," when it comes to your community. Address: Procter & Gamble, 1057 Eglinton Ave. W., Toronto 10, Ontario, Dept. C-2M.

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S PATENTED SUDS DISCOVERY!

COPY, 1946, THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.



### NO SCOURING NECESSARY!

The movie, "A Fast Worker," shows how Drest gets to the discs and hard-to-reach surfaces and practically flushes them clean. No need for hard scrubbing or scouring!



### WONDERFUL FOR ALL DAIRY UTENSILS!

See for yourself in this movie how Drest suds penetrate milk scum... swiftly cut and dissolve the grease... leaving utensils sanitary and shining clean!



### IDEAL FOR MILKING MACHINES!

You'll be delighted how thoroughly Drest cleans all ports—sealing rubbers, hose connections, etc. Helps keep rubber ports smooth and pliable.

## THE CEMENT WORKER

## THE NICKEL WORKER

depend on each other



IN A SINGLE YEAR more than 32,000 barrels of Portland Cement are used by the Canadian Nickel industry. 240 carloads of brick and high temperature cement are used for repairing furnaces and converters. The purchase of this material means jobs for large numbers of workers in the cement industry.

The cement industry, in turn, uses a great deal of equipment containing Nickel. Inside the kilns illustrated here, for instance, scores of buckets

made of Nickel steel are used, because Nickel steel stands up under the terrific heat necessary in making cement.

So the Canadian Nickel worker produces the Nickel the cement industry needs; the Canadian cement worker produces the cement required by the Canadian Nickel industry. Each and every industry in this country creates employment in other industries. *No matter how we earn a living, we are all one family, each depending on the others.*



# CANADIAN NICKEL

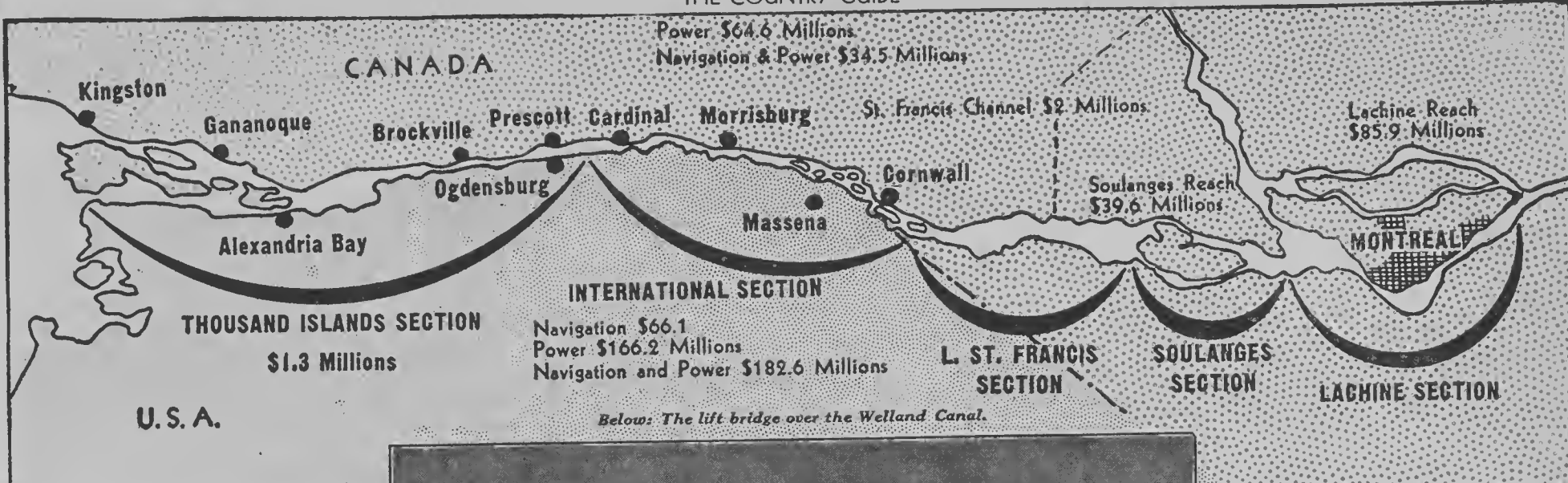
Pressing on with  
the development  
of Canada's Nickel  
Resources

"The Romance of Nickel" a 60 page book fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET W., TORONTO





## CHANGE OF HEART



By P. M. ABEL

IT begins to look as though Canada will finally realize a hope of many years' standing — the completion of the St. Lawrence waterways project. No one will get excited about that announcement because there have been too many false starts in the past. All through the '20's it was a major political issue that cut across party lines. In Canada it was damned by Montreal interests. In 1934 it was strangled by the Senate in Washington at the behest of New York interests which could not abide the idea of traffic being diverted from their port by a sea lane into the heart of the continent.

The brightening prospect is not due to any change of heart, either on St. James Street, or in the marbled halls at Washington. It is due to a threat overtaking the American steel industry, the nerve centre of the nation's industrial empire, the hope of reviving western Europe. And thereby hangs a tale.

American steel mills are nearly all in the narrow strip of country between the Great Lakes on the north; the Ohio river on the south; Pittsburgh on the east; and the Mississippi on the west. It has been called the machine shop of the nation, the home workshop of the arsenal of democracy, the American Ruhr.

It is no mere chance that Big Steel is settled in this locality. American steel is the product of Pennsylvania coking coal and iron ores from the western end of Lake Superior. One must be hauled to the other, or both must be hauled to an intermediate point. As the cost of moving a ton by rail is about eight times as high as it is on the lakes, it is usually the iron ore which travels the greater distance. A very great share of American steel is made at Gary, Indiana, a suburb of Chicago, at Cleveland, and at Buffalo, where water borne ore meets rail hauled coal.

THE great Mesabi range in Minnesota now provides two-thirds of America's iron ore. Most of the remaining raw product comes from the adjacent smaller ranges in Minnesota, and the upper Michigan Peninsula. The Mesabi and its sister ranges are petering out. First worked in 1892, it is estimated that at the present rate of ore removal Mesabi will be drained dry by 1964. The only other source of good ore in the United States is in the Adirondack mountains of New York. But the amount available at this location is trifling compared with Mesabi. Also the cost is high, for Adirondack ores are 1,300 feet underground, whereas in Minnesota ores are stripped by cheap methods from the surface.

The Americans have one other alternative. Also at the western end of Lake Superior there are large beds of taconite, another iron bearing ore. Industry will not readily use taconite as long as cheap sources of hematite like the Mesabi range are available. It requires huge and expensive reducing plants. It is estimated that it will take half a billion dollars worth of plant to keep up a supply of iron from taconite similar to what is now coming out of Mesabi. Processing costs are said to be at least ten per cent higher. Nevertheless American industry recognizes the writing on the wall. Their first taconite plant will be in operation this year, and within five years this ore will provide five per cent of American steel.

What about foreign sources? Chile is already exporting ore to the United States. Venezuela, a newer source can mine a better product, and probably in greater quantity. The feverish prospecting which has been going on all over the Americas has located some iron ore in Mexico, but all this exploration reveals that in time to come the main reliance will fall on Labrador and the Itaburo mines of inland Brazil.

Now it will be apparent from a quick glance at the map that if the steel plants along the Great Lakes, including the Canadian mills, Stelco at Hamilton, and Algoma at Sault Ste. Marie, are to lose their present supply of ore, and have to depend on foreign sources for an important part of it, one of two things must follow. Either the present American and Canadian inland steel plants must be dismantled and removed to tidewater, or water transport from the Atlantic inland must be improved. Now moving a steel plant is like moving Brooklyn bridge. And so it is that the plea of the agricultural mid-west, which fell on deaf ears a generation ago, now gets a sympathetic hearing.

BY the completion of the Welland Canal and the locks at Sault Ste. Marie, and the dredging of the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers, the Great Lakes can now be traversed by vessels of 25 feet draft. But there is a link between deep water at Montreal and Lake Ontario which is closed to ocean shipping. If the St. Lawrence can be deepened to accommodate vessels with a draft of 25 feet, Labrador ore ships will be able to deliver at lake ports.

It is doubtful if Brazilian ore will ever come down Canada's arterial waterway because the most economical ore ships for blue water are 22,000 tons displacement and 33 feet draft. The cost of a waterway dredged to that depth would be prohibitive. It seems likely that future steel plants built in the United States will be at Chesapeake Bay and at Mobile, Alabama, ports within easy reach of coking coal, and

that these plants will be fed by South American ores. But the industry seems to have come to the conclusion that a water route from Montreal to the Lakes is cheaper than uprooting the whole industry and transplanting it on the sea coast.

The problem has its military aspect too. Plants depending on ocean borne ore are liable to interruption of supplies in war time. The American steel plant at Sparrow's Point, Maryland, had to depend on both ore and coke from the interior during World War II, making production uneconomic. To move the whole steel industry to seaboard would be giving too great a hostage to fortune. Labrador convoys operating through the Strait of Belle Isle would be much more easily protected from the air and from the surface. Labrador iron brought down the proposed railway across the Laurentian Plateau will be safer from enemy action than foreign ores brought over the high seas and discharged at coast ports.

And so American industry is willing to reconsider the decision of 1934. A Senate sub-committee at Washington has approved the St. Lawrence seaway, and to make sure the proposition didn't die at the last session, its Republican sponsors held the bill over for the forthcoming session. At the same time an amended resolution

approved by the Foreign Relations Committee will be placed before Congress calling for the immediate commencement of a self-liquidating navigation and power project. The Republicans will have the bit in their teeth this winter and the best guess is that these resolutions will pass.

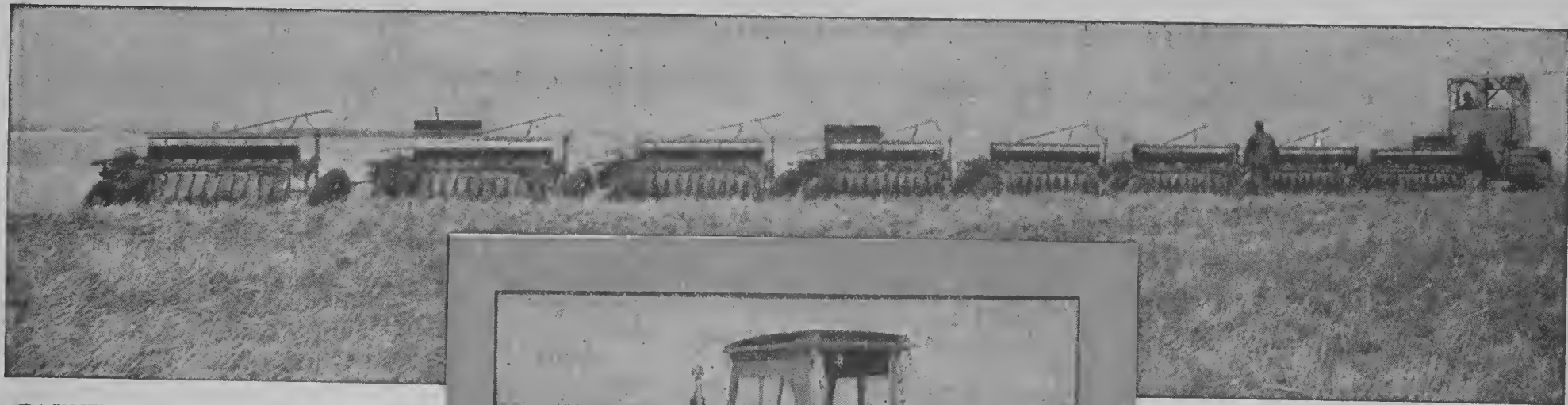
It is well at this point to summarize the hopes that were held in the early '20's and which kept the project alive against a great deal of opposition.

THE treaty of 1934 was framed in the belief that a 25-foot channel would enable the greater number of ships engaged in trans-Atlantic trade, and practically all those in coasting trade, to reach inland ports. Few of the vessels using Panama and the Suez exceed this draft. Grain growers on both sides of the border were assured of a saving of amounts variously estimated up to ten cents a bushel on grain shipped by this route. The Canadian west was expected to save \$30 million a year on grain shipments alone. It was acknowledged that for the present American trade would benefit more than Canadian as there was more volume offering, and their over-burdened railways in the area served would be relieved of large tonnages of low cost freight.

The power possibilities have always been recognized as enormous. The Canadian share of power to be generated in the international section was originally estimated at 1,900,000 H.P., and later estimates are larger. In a country with all its coal in the far west or in Nova Scotia, it is the equivalent of 18,500,000 tons of coal delivered annually to the heart of industrial Canada. To Toronto currently under a self-imposed partial blackout because of electricity shortage this forecast comes as glad tidings.

The cost originally placed before the Canadian House was \$500 million to be spent jointly by the two countries, although Quebec critics declared that nearly three times that much would be spent before the job is finished.

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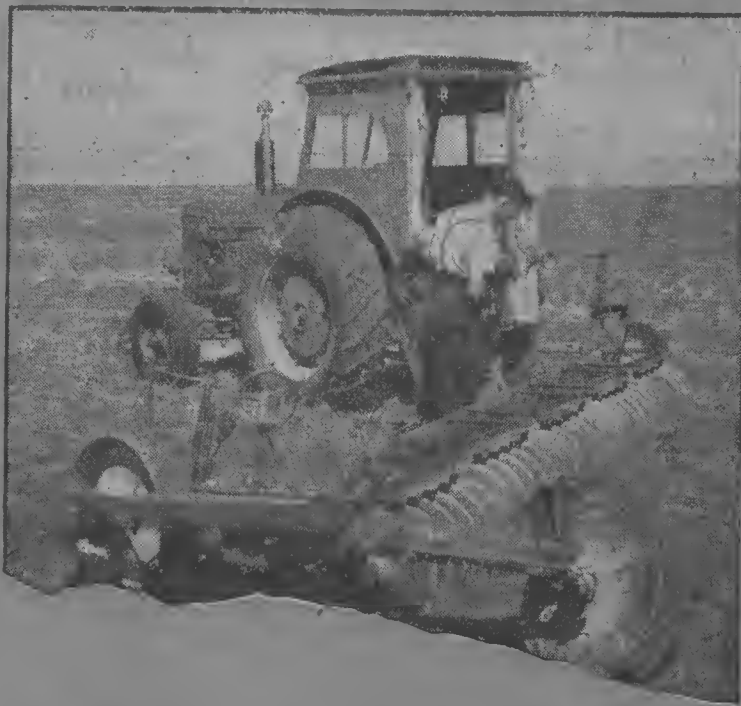


**S**INCE the establishment of the Dominion Experiment Station at Swift Current, Saskatchewan, in 1922, research problems dealing with the fundamentals of dry-land farming have been studied and much useful information brought to light.

Moisture has been found to be the first limiting factor in crop production in Saskatchewan. It was found that any practice which will help conserve moisture in the soil, will increase crop yields. Experiments conducted by the Soils Research Laboratory at Swift Current have shown that 10.5 inches of water are required to produce a 12-14 bushel crop of wheat. When the total water used was over 10.5 inches, there was an increase of approximately seven bushels per acre for each extra inch of water. A reserve of four inches of water in the soil at seeding time, together with an average seasonal rainfall of 7.5 inches, should produce a 20-bushel crop of wheat. An inch less of available water in the soil would reduce the yield to 13 bushels. Therefore it is important to have a good reserve of moisture at seeding time, particularly during the seasons of below-average rainfall. The meteorological records for the last 60 years show that there were 7.5 inches or less of rainfall in three out of five years; that is, low rainfall is the rule rather than the exception. Practices which will save moisture are important.

Moisture is lost in three ways: By run-off, evaporation, and by growing weeds. Loss of water from run-off varies with the nature of the rain (heavy to torrential), the topography of the land, and the trash cover on the soil. Most areas in Saskatchewan are fortunate in that only a small proportion of the rainfall during the growing season is heavy or torrential. Where rainfall is torrential, special grassing, terracing, and contour tillage is undoubtedly required. However, the practice of across-the-slope tillage, the use of trash cover, and simple ridging to spread the water flow evenly over the land—well within the possibility of all farmers—meet the average problem of run-off prevention. Each farmer must study his own land and adopt tillage and rotation practices to meet the individual problems of his own farm, even if they are different from those practised by his neighbor, in order to conserve all of the rainfall possible for growing crops.

A study of rainfall and evaporation records in western Canada indicates that the evaporation from a plain water surface exceeds the rainfall in all areas



## DRY LAND TILLAGE

By Prof. E. A. HARDY

### Surface cultivation with the right implement at the right speed controls weeds best and saves power and moisture

except Brandon, in Manitoba, Lacombe and Beaverlodge, in Alberta. The evaporation data is taken throughout the growing season, or the season common to soil tillage. Research has indicated that in Saskatchewan evaporation may be aggravated by excessive soil tillage. The practice of leaving the soil alone when there is no cause to work it (also shallow surface tillage) has been developed in place of deeper tillage, to conserve moisture by reducing evaporation. The effect of soil tillage on soil moisture through evaporation as a fundamental of dry-land farming

was brought out at the Swift Current Station and is not an important factor in farming east or west of the prairies. This factor requires special consideration and application in the design and use of tillage implements for dry soil culture.

The loss of moisture from growing weeds is far greater than is realized by any farmer. Even a slight infestation of weeds at any time during the fallow period may seriously reduce the soil moisture. A heavy infestation of weeds will remove all available moisture from the soil in less than two months. Soil moisture conservation is closely linked with weed control and cultural practices.

**T**HE practice of summerfallow has been developed to conserve moisture by controlling weeds. Research has shown that early summerfallow is essential if moisture is to be conserved. Studies of the effect of weed growth on moisture conservation over three-year periods show water stored in the soil amounting to 5.1 inches where all weed growth is prevented. Taking this figure as representing 100 as to yield of grain, the yield was 88 when the first cultivation was given on May 15, 78 when cultivation was begun June 15, and 47 when it was delayed until July 15.

For all practical purposes where the weeds are controlled, the implement used had no effect on moisture conservation. The implement requiring the least power per acre was just as effective as the one requiring the most power per acre. This was shown over a period of four years when the amount of precipitation conserved was measured throughout the year on soil given different cultural treatments. To ascertain the amount of moisture conserved, soil was put in tanks for the same period. It was found that 4.82 inches of moisture per year could be conserved in these controlled tanks. The average amount conserved by all field treatments was 4.33 inches. The lowest amount (4.01 inches), was where cultivation only was given, and the highest (4.63 inches) where the one-way disc and cultivator were combined. Other methods used were: (a) plowed in June and cultivated (4.31 inches); (b) surface worked and plowed in July (4.27 inches); and (c) one-way disc only (4.44 inches). In these tests, moisture was measured to a depth of four inches.

Before the research work at Swift Current was done, common practice on summerfallow was to disc

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Top: Economical power with eight one-way discs, but the problem is the same as on smaller farms—weed control and moisture conservation. Top centre: The new one-way disc-harrow takes less power and in shallow tillage covers the ground more quickly.



This cultivator is working deep to bring lumps to the surface. Shallower tillage would conserve more moisture and take less power.

[Guide photos.]



"If you were a puppy or a kitten I might leave you on the doorstep," said Thisbe as she ran along.

The wind boomed and beat upon her. She was shivering and shaking. She had on a sable coat but it didn't keep her warm. Nothing, she felt, would ever keep her warm until her heart stopped being frozen.

"If you were a puppy," she gasped with the wind in her throat, "or a kitten."

But the thing which was warm in her arms in spite of her frozen heart was a baby. She couldn't leave it on a doorstep. She couldn't leave it anywhere. She had to go on with it.

She had gone on with it for three whole weeks. It hadn't all been like this—running along a dark road with the wind booming and beating. At first it had been in a hospital with everything white and shining and then it had been in a high-ceiled room with everything warm and rosy.

But that was before her heart was frozen. She ran on, stumbling, gasping, beaten by the wind.

There were no houses on either side of the road, no lights gleaming in the windows. No welcomes. Just stark frozen fields and beyond them on the horizon a hard strip of yellow where the sun had gone down. The brightness of the yellow strip seemed to intensify the blackness above it.

"If you were a puppy," Thisbe began again, and stopped. There weren't any doorsteps so why go on saying such silly things? If the baby had been a puppy or a kitten there would not have been any place to leave him.

And anyhow, why should she leave him? He was hers. He was swathed in a pink blanket so that not an inch of him showed, but she knew what he was like—curled up asleep, white as milkweed in a pod, and fragrant with rose powder. His little head was bald and his fingers crumpled up and he had a dimple in his chin.

Her knees began to feel stiff, her legs petrified. If this kept up she might have to walk like the wooden soldiers in the Chauve Souris. It had been a million years since she and Pyramus had seen the wooden soldiers. And they had laughed a lot.

If only someone would come along and ask her to ride. But not a car had passed. Her own fault of course. She had chosen a lonely road lest someone should try to follow.

**Y**ET why should they follow? Nobody wanted the baby. They had said so, Pyramus and Pyramus' mother.

They had not known she had heard. They had thought she was in bed in her high-ceiled room. But she had dressed for dinner to surprise them, and had sped down the stairs and had seen them by the fire in the drawing room, Pyramus standing up and looking down at his mother with his thin face somber and a cigarette in his long, thin hand.

It was that adorable thinness of his which had captivated Thisbe. She felt that if he had been fat she would never have looked at him. At first. Of course now it didn't matter. If he grew fat and bald and had wrinkles she would still adore him. There was more to Pyramus than physical charm—there was the wonderfulness of his mind, the quick, light play of his wit, his moods of tenderness.

# The Burning Bush

by

TEMPLE BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ALBION



"That's my baby," Thisbe said. "I thought if you saw him first you might not turn us out."

There had been no tenderness in his voice when Thisbe heard him say, "I'm sorry too, Mother." "You and your wife might have stayed on here with me . . . but the house is too crowded for babies." "There is only one baby."

"One is too many."

He stood staring into the fire while his mother went on talking. She told him she would rent an apartment for him and pay all the bills; but she wouldn't have a baby in the house. There would have to be nurses and it would upset the servants, or if there weren't nurses the servants would be upset by having more work than they wanted. And anyhow, leaving out the servants, one's guests must be con-

A voice which like the beat of a bell said, "The cross is for the mother. When she wears it, she will know what she has to do."

sidered . . . and a baby could be most disturbing . . . that she hoped Pyramus would come and stay as often as he could . . . but Thisbe and the baby might stay away forever for all she cared.

**O**f course she didn't say it like that. Pyramus' mother had a tactful tongue. But Thisbe hanging over the stair-rail knew what she meant. And she felt that Pyramus must know. And if he knew, why didn't he shake his fist and shout: "Do you think I'll take a penny? Do you think there's anything in the whole wide world as wonderful as being the father of Thisbe's baby?"

But neither of these things did Pyramus say. And so Thisbe, flaming, had fled up the stairs and had sent the nurse down to dinner, and had written a note to Pyramus and had thrown on her sable coat and had stuffed some money in her purse, and had snatched up the baby and a pink blanket to wrap him in, and now . . . here they were on the road . . . and she had been running and running!

By this time back in the big house Pyramus would have found her gone. Perhaps at this very moment he was going through the rooms crying, "Thisbe, Thisbe."

No one else called her "Thisbe." Her real name was Anne Elizabeth but in the first rapturous days of their love-making Pyramus had whispered:

"The moon shines bright: in such a night as this. . . ."

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew?"

They had been then to each other not commonplace people but beatified beings who belonged to romance.

But now she and Pyramus were no longer young lovers under the moon. They were father and mother. Always after this, wherever they went, there would be the baby. Whether they wanted him or not.

Well, of course she would always want the baby, even if Pyramus didn't. . . .

**H**E would be frantic, of course, when he couldn't find her. He would run upstairs and down, calling, "Darling, darling." That was the trouble with Pyramus. He was always hanging over her and saying "darling" while his mother paid the bills. Thisbe had felt that he ought to work for

a living. It had shocked her dreadfully when after her marriage she had found that he did not think it necessary to support his wife. He painted pictures but they didn't sell. He really painted them very well, but as long as his mother took care of him he didn't need the money and he hated to push his wares. Thisbe worshipped every mark of his brush. She felt that if he had lived in a garret he might have been great. But his mother had always disagreed with Thisbe. They had even come to words about it.

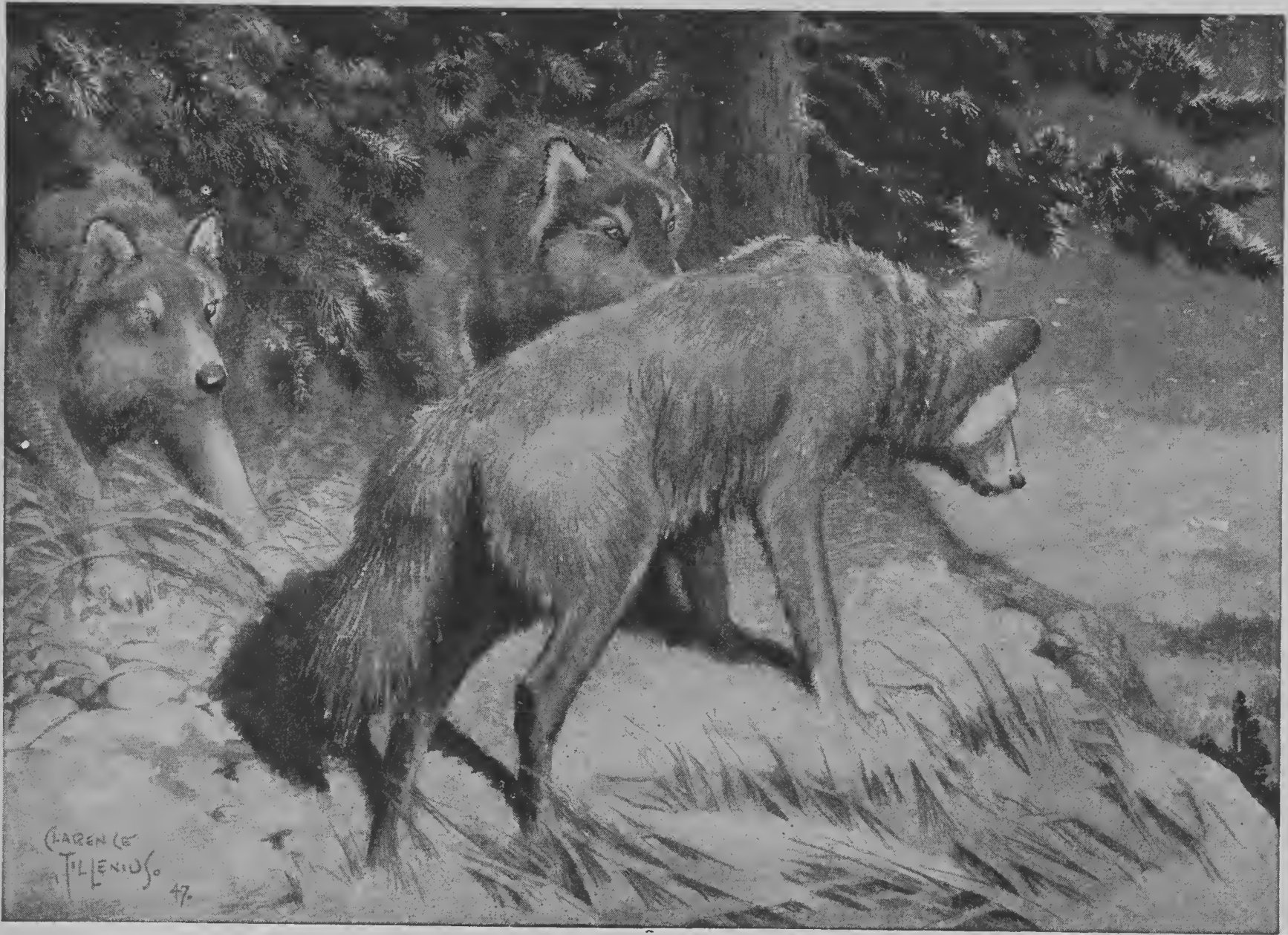
"A man should be the head of the house," Thisbe had said, with scarlet in her cheeks.

"I have plenty of money. Why should his talent be commercialized? You can stay with me as long as you like. There's room enough and to spare."

But now there was no room for the baby! Thisbe, running along, found strange words beating in her ears. "And she . . . laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

Well . . . of course . . . Mary found a place to lay the child. But there weren't any mangers in these days. People just had places to keep their cars, with

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**T**

HE Sheriff claimed that he could hit a moving target at three hundred yards with his Marlin thirty and every man in Westgate backed up his boast.

Rob picked up the gun and balanced it. The moonlight glinted on the blue barrel. He fitted the stock to his shoulder. The gun fell into position.

"It was a present to me," said Barrows. "It happens that I did a favor to the President of the Marlin Company without knowing it—tell ye about that some day. Anyway, he looked me up, said he'd like to give me a gun, the best gun they make. The plant's in New Haven. They sent me a circular with all the pictures of the different guns they make. I picked this 'un."

"It feels as if it would shoot itself," said Rob.

"It does. Sees, aims, drops on the target. Does everything but pull the trigger. I have to do that." He laughed.

"Give it here," said Ross. He balanced the gun. "Sure feels sweet," said he and passed it on. "Want to feel it, Ken?"

Ken tried the gun, handed it back to the Sheriff.

The four men lounged in comfortable positions on an outcrop of rock east of the corral. It was halfway up the ridge and gave them a clear view of all that lay below, the northern mouth of the ravine, the corral, the ground around it which sloped up to the mountains, the mares who stood quietly now, worn out with the beating they had taken that afternoon. Ross had subdued two of the three which he had picked and intended to take them to his own ranch tomorrow. Others had been roped, broken, and ridden. But they had exacted a price. One of the boys had his thigh ripped open by a flying hoof, another his ribs crushed when his mount rolled on him, and there were still five unbroken mares in the corral, mares that never would be broken. They were at peace now, freed of the persecution of men, their little foals drowsing at their side or lying flat on the baked earth, sleeping. Their shadows cut black against the silver earth.

The Sheriff said, "Ought to get a wonderful shot from here."

"Be sure you give us time," said Ross.

Rob lit his pipe and pulled at it. "There'll be plenty of time, I think. The stallion isn't going to get panicky."

"What do you think, Ken?" asked Ross.

"No, he won't get panicky," said Ken. That afternoon, when he had told his father that he wanted to follow Thunderhead's trail and see if he couldn't catch him, Rob had answered, "I don't think it'll be necessary. Thunderhead won't leave his mares. He's probably hanging around close by right now, watching and listening to all that's going on. It's my guess he'll come back to the corral as soon as it's quiet, tonight probably. If you have such confidence that you can make him walk into that halter, you'll have your chance."

"Tonight?"

"Yes, we'll stay here and be ready for him when he comes."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Doesn't what?"

"Let me halter him?"

"I've promised Ross he can have one swing at him with a rope. Just one. I won't take a chance on two."

"And if he doesn't get him?"

"The Sheriff's got a gun that never misses. You understand, Ken, that I can't let Thunderhead get away again."

Ken sat in his corner on the rock, holding the halter in his hands. He turned and twisted it. If it could be a magic halter . . . if it could draw Thunderhead's head in, the way a magnet draws a needle. . . .

The hours dragged on. It was a still night. The black timbered mountains made jagged lines against the clear indigo of the sky and the moon was small and riding high, a coin of burning silver. To one side of it hung the wide, spreading cloud, so thick it seemed a carved shape with tinsel edges.

**K**EN and his father had dined at the hotel. The Greenways had not yet left because Mrs. Palmer was really sick and could not be moved. Ken had seen Carey and had told her that he couldn't go with them to the Blue Moon because he was going to stay and hunt Thunderhead—that was before he knew it was going to be all over, one way or the other, tonight. There was just one chance. This halter. If it didn't work, it would be all over with Thunderhead, and Carey would drive away to the Blue Moon with an empty trailer behind the Cadillac.

*Before dawn, came again the sound that told the wolves were a-hunting and Pete started away from the tundra.*

**H**E put his hand into his pocket and took the whistle into his fist. He held it close. He counted a lot on that whistle. Thunderhead had learned to come at that whistle when he was a little colt. He had learned to love it. It meant oats, and friends, and shelter, it meant all the things that a colt loves.

He wondered. If he caught Thunderhead, would Mr. Greenway want him and Thunderhead to go to the Blue Moon with them even though there was no Jewel?

Probably not. The whole idea had begun with Mr. Greenway's wanting Ken to come along to train Jewel. And if Ken wouldn't come without Thunderhead, then the stallion would have to be brought, too. And now that there was no Jewel—

An excited whinny split the air. The four men stood up quietly. All the mares were on the alert, every body tense, every head turned northwest, every pair of ears sharply cocked.

"This is it," said Ken in a low voice, "we'd better go." He and Ross walked very quietly down through the trees toward the corral.

Rob stood beside the Sheriff. Through the stillness of the night came the sound of a horse's hoofs and of brush cracking. It came from the fold of a mountain northwest of the corral.

One of the mares, a large black mare of fine conformation, an unbranded mare, one of the ones who had not been subdued, was in a state of great excitement. It was she who had whinnied. Now, turning away from the fence, unable to keep still, she trotted up and down the length of it, then again put her head through the bars, sniffing frantically, ecstatically, and her wild, eager love calls rang out again and again.

The other mares were infected with her excite-



# GREEN GRASS

## WYOMING

PART SIX OF A SERIAL

by

MARY O'HARA

### Ken sets out to follow the trail of the missing horses



ment. They all began to prance about, whinnying, pausing to sniff and look through the fence.

**T**HE white stallion emerged from the trees and came cantering down toward the corral. He gave a fierce, triumphant cry, and every mare answered him. He shone silver white in the moonlight. The Sheriff cocked his gun, holding it loosely under his right arm.

"Wait," said Rob.

"Oh, sure," said Barrows.

They could see the inky black figures of Ken and Ross moving toward the corral. Now they were lost in its barred shadows.

The stallion galloped to the fence of the corral. The black mare was there to meet him. Their heads came together; their muzzles touched and clung; they breathed each other's breath, squealing softly.

Rob stood watching in a somber misery. To have to do such a thing! His hand slowly closed into a fist in his pocket.

"What's the matter with Ken?" he muttered. "Why

doesn't he call him with the whistle? No—no—he's right—he wouldn't answer the whistle now—let them get this nuzzling over with first."

Now the stallion trotted along the fence, seeking some place to enter. Ken's whistle rang out. Again and again the soft trilling notes pulsed on the air and every horse was shocked into attentiveness.

Ken stepped out where the stallion could see him. One hand held the whistle to his lips, the other was outstretched, the halter hung over his shoulder. Between whistles he called, "Thunderhead! Oh, Thunderhead! Come along, Thunderhead!"

He expected Thunderhead to hesitate, to advance toward him, to come close, perhaps to refuse the halter, but still to come close enough to smell him, but the horse did nothing of the kind.

He gave the wildest plunge Ken had ever seen. He wheeled, he tore away.

Ross' rope sang out and fell short. The stallion was a white streak, running away. Cursing, Ross pulled in his rope.

**T**HERE was the crack of a gun. The white shape leaped in the air, the hoofs pawed at nothing, the horse crashed to the ground. Ken walked slowly toward it.

"I guess that did it," said the Sheriff.

"Good shot, Barrows," said Rob. He asked the Sheriff for a match. He took his time in re-kindling his pipe which had gone out.

"Go back!" said Ken viciously to Ross, who was at his heels. The little broncbuster stopped still. Ken did not know that as he reached the white mass lying on the ground he groaned.

Blindly he went down on his knees. He drew the head into his arms. Looking over the shoulder Ken could see the great wound and the dark stream welling from it. There was a spasmodic quiver, one deep sigh that answered his own, and all was over.

Ken sat there, staring. Staring at the muzzle which was not black as Thunderhead's was, but pink. Could a horse change the color of his muzzle? It was a long time before his mind really began to work. He examined the eyes, they were pink rimmed, white lashed. The ears—they were pink inside. Thunderhead had black muzzle, black eyelashes, the inside of his ears were dark. This was a true Albino with no dark marking upon him anywhere.

Ken got to his feet and examined the horse all over. It was a stallion, about two years old.

Then he remembered. "Oh!" he said aloud.

Ross sauntered up to him. "What's up?" he asked.

The other men were coming. Ken

hoss, did I? I didn't know there was two like this in the country."

Rob was silent. Ken said, "He must have brought the black mare and her white colt with him when he left the valley last summer." The blood was pounding in his ears. Thunderhead was safe. . . . Thunderhead was free. . . . "He's a two-year-old," he added aloud. "You can see. He's not as heavily built as Thunderhead."

Rob straightened up.

"Might as well go on home, I guess," said the Sheriff.

Rob was sickened. "I'm going to let that mare out," he said, "we've killed her colt for no reason. Let her see the last of him."

He waved the men away. "I'll do it alone," he said, "just stand away over there."

Rob went into the corral, and talked quietly to the mares. At last they stopped their trembling and their rushing to and fro and stood watching him. With arms outstretched, he maneuvered Hagar and her little black foal away from the others. She saw the open gate and freedom. With one terrified eye on him, she gauged the distance, made a rush past him. He closed the gates and followed her.

She pounded past the corral, the foal trotting springily at her side. A high wild whinny broke from her as she saw the white shape on the ground. She hung over it, sniffing, then tossing the smell away with violent snorts. She did not whinny again. She knew all that had happened. Death was now mingled with the beloved smell of her son. It was finished. The foal nuzzled her bag. She stood for it, to nurse. She lifted her head and looked away to the hills. She pricked her ears. At last she moved abruptly, plucking the teat from his mouth. Breaking into a canter she headed for the fold in the hills from which Ishmael had come. She turned a corner and was out of sight. The sound of her hoofs diminished in volume, faded to a faint thudding, ceased.

**R**IDING away from the corral Ken turned to look back. His eyes lifted to the heavens. No vultures there now. Just the dazzling clear sky, the burnished moon—but they would be there the next day, earlier than that—at dawn. In imagination he saw them plummeting from the sky.

They had known all along, he thought, that it was to be Ishmael, not Thunderhead. And he had a sudden strange feeling that things were all in one piece, not strung out in time. Life was like a patterned cloth being drawn over a knife-edge. The knife-edge was the now and what was happening now—but the patterns were there on the cloth, all the same, before and after it had run over the knife-edge.

Cantering down the valley, waves of feeling went over him, one at a time, like undulations of the sea. He was lifted, then dropped into the deep. It seemed, he thought, like God passing over him in waves. He had had this feeling occasionally before, always in a crisis. Perhaps that was the reason for their being crises. It was an experience people ought to know, different from anything else—to feel God going over you in waves. It left you completely helpless, pulled out from yourself, saved from your little self. If he had known the words, he would have said "Thy seas have gone over me." Through it all, soundlessly, his lips were murmuring a prayer of thanksgiving.

Carey did not come down to breakfast nor to lunch next day. She slept the hours away in a room of her own which her uncle had taken for her. When he knocked on her door she roused enough to tell him that she wanted no breakfast. She pushed the sheet down—it was frightfully hot already—and ripped off her pyjama jacket, threw the pillows off the bed, then turned on her face, dragged her hair off her neck and, spread-eagled, her four limbs pointing to the four corners of the big double bed, slept again.

There is no more powerful sleep-producing drug for the young than a bitter disappointment.

Mr. Greenway and Rob went out to search for an osteopath, a chiropractor, or some sort of bone doctor

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Illustrated by  
CLARENCE TILLENUS

walked over to meet them. "It isn't Thunderhead," he said, "it's Ishmael."

"Ishmael!"

"Do you remember, when I rode Thunderhead in the Valley of the Eagles, there was one black mare with a little white colt? I told you all about it. She tried to run away from Thunderhead when he was rounding them up. I called them Hagar and Ishmael."

They examined the dead horse. The black mare, Hagar, neighed frantically.

"That's his mother," said Ken in a low voice.

"Gol-durn!" exclaimed Ross.

"Damnedest thing I ever heard of! Shot the wrong

# THE Country GUIDE

with which is incorporated

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER and FARM AND HOME

Serving the Farmers of Western Canada Since 1882.

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## The Trade Announcements

The tariff changes and emergency trade restrictions announced on November 17 are of far-reaching importance and will make that date historic in the annals of Canadian external trade. At first sight there seemed to be some contradiction between the spirit and purpose of the Geneva agreements freeing trade, and the restrictions imposed by Canada on imports from the U.S. What Mr. King gave with one hand, Mr. Abbott seemed to withdraw with the other. But public confusion cleared with the realization that these were two separate programs aimed respectively at the world's two most urgent problems, the need for restoring international trade, and the dollar crisis. As the former is attained, the dollar crisis will abate, and the restrictions framed to meet it will become unnecessary and will be abandoned.

The multilateral agreements reached by 17 nations at Geneva this summer will be hailed as a triumph by the farmers of western Canada who have never lost their faith in lower tariff barriers. A new feeling of hope springs from the wide acceptance of the principle of freer trade. In the past, elsewhere as in Canada, selfish and short sighted men persuaded their people to follow the path of economic self-sufficiency. Their policies led to impoverishment, war, and death. Out of the smoking ruins has come a more frank admission than we had hoped for that recovery cannot be achieved without the restoration of international trade.

On the tariff changes there has been singularly little adverse comment. The protectionists in Canada seem to have been paralyzed by their sweeping nature and the approval of so many trading nations. There is no doubt, however, that the advocates of high tariff will have recovered their breath by the opening of Parliament in December. It remains to be seen if American opinion, nurtured on protection, is ready for such a reversal of policy, even though it is apparent to the outside world that the Marshall Plan would be futile without some such co-lateral action to strengthen the economies of western Europe.

About the emergency measures to halt the drain on dollar reserves there has been more criticism. They do in fact impose a reduction in Canadian standards of living which people do not accept cheerfully. They do lead inevitably to controls which Canadians do not tolerate patiently in peace time. But it is high time to realize that our post-war prosperity has been illusory. Canadian purchases from the United States which, incidentally, have touched an all-time high have been largely financed out of our dollar reserves which were disappearing at the rate of \$900,000,000 a year. Drastic action was required, and if there is to be condemnation of the government at this stage let it be that they did not act soon enough.

Some adverse commentators hold that the elaborate precautions undertaken by the Canadian treasury were unnecessary; that a similar result would have been obtained by the devaluation of Canadian currency. With such a solution we entirely disagree. Apart from its ineffectiveness to meet the present crisis, its immediate result would have been to give a further spurt to the ascending spiral of prices.

Farm opinion will be united on this point, for no section of the Canadian public has suffered more from higher price levels than the agricultural class whose income is fixed by export agreements.

Other critics have objected that Mr. Abbott has not gone far enough. According to them he should have followed President Truman's lead in asking the legislative branch for authority to re-impose thorough-going rationing, controls and price ceilings. These objectors have already had their answer. It will be found that sufficient powers are reserved to the administration by the National Emergency Transitional Powers Act to put the necessary teeth in the regulations designed to protect our diminishing dollar reserves.

## Sequel to Decontrol

Keen resentment, coupled with bewilderment, has characterized the attitude of Canadian farmers since the lifting of controls on coarse grains on October 21. As indicated in The Country Guide last month, no one was satisfied except the coarse grains producer who had not yet delivered his crop.

Dissatisfaction has been increased in the interval. It has come from livestock producers who felt that they could not profitably feed oats and barley at current prices. Beef producers renewed their request for the U.S. market. Dairymen and poultrymen felt forced to give serious consideration to the reduction of their herds and flocks, and a direct result was the overhauling of fluid milk prices. There was also a growing demand from eastern Canada to re-impose controls to safeguard their livestock industry.

Much discontent was expressed by growers who sold their coarse grains before controls were lifted. On November 24, Walter Tucker, Saskatchewan Liberal leader, issued a statement which appeared to carry the approval of Ottawa. Mr. Tucker said that the Dominion government was prepared to indemnify coarse grain producers who had delivered prior to October 21, but that the government would expect grain companies to make further payments to their customers for deliveries prior to the removal of controls, and thus relieve the government of some of the cost of equalization. The fact that no denial of this statement has appeared lends authenticity to it. On the other hand, the government can scarcely make its own subsidy payments contingent on voluntary action by the grain marketing organizations, no two of whom will be in identical positions with respect to quantities of coarse grains disposed of by them prior to October 21. The lifting of controls was

the result of government action, and the government must not attempt to make others in any degree responsible for it.

As this is written the annual Dominion-provincial production conference is opening at Ottawa. Immediately prior to it members of the cabinet were interviewed by the directors of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture. No statement was issued, but they were doubtless shown the same picture as the Saskatchewan Liberal delegation which later announced that they had received assurance "that fair prices would be established and . . . we could urge farmers not to dispose of breeding stock because of the temporary situation."

At the moment this is small satisfaction but in fairness to the government, which is scarcely able to make any detailed announcements while negotiations are still in progress with the British government, we shall join in with the suggestion that final judgment be postponed until such time as Ottawa has announced its future policy in detail.

## This "Freedom"

We find it necessary to take issue with our esteemed contemporary the Winnipeg Free Press over its editorial of October 27 on the rise of retail milk prices.

The price of fluid milk in the Winnipeg milk shed is regulated by a board which gives due consideration to the interests of producer, processor and consumer. On November 1, 1947, the retail price of milk was raised one cent a quart, giving Winnipeg housewives a supply of winter milk at prices that compare very favorably with those prevailing in the other large cities of Canada. To those familiar with the feed and labor costs under which dairy farmers operate the only surprise was that prices were not advanced two cents, and that a larger share of the advance was not relayed to the producer.

The comment of the Free Press was that "What is happening in the province . . . is a direct result of a rigid, stultifying policy which has placed the milk business in Manitoba on a completely artificial basis and prevented the play of competitive forces. The ills of which the board complains could be cured swiftly if the industry was allowed to function normally and not in a straight jacket of control, licenses and fixed prices."

The Free Press appears to have forgotten what happened when the fluid milk business in Winnipeg enjoyed all the benefits of unrestricted competition. Chain stores using milk as a loss leader drove the price down to the point where it was selling over the counter for five cents a quart. Three or four new distributors



Dropping Ballast.



were entering the field, buying equipment at depression prices. The resulting war was fought between the distributors but the producers paid the shot. The price of raw milk eventually dropped to 93 cents a hundred. Good milk cows went to the stockyards as canners. Long established producers went out of the business. Those remaining in it talked of a milk strike, a frequent development in American life at that time. Finally government action was taken in 1932 to assure a continued supply of an indispensable commodity.

Out of this chaos the board brought order. Under its guidance dairy farming in this area was restored to a reasonable degree of stability. At no time were consumers asked to pay unfair prices for the product. Few producers who lived through that time would want to return to the conditions prevailing before the coming of the board, regardless of the Free Press blandishments in the name of freedom from control. They know that the existence of a board with wide powers is the only guarantee of protection to small producers dealing with nation-wide distributing agencies.

### The Fruits of Mechanization

In the early thirties a celebrated Montana farm economist, M. L. Wilson, calculated that grain farmers of his day on dry land were running risks of over-capitalization if their farm machinery investment was over five dollars per acre. For 20 years this figure has been climbing steadily. D. A. Brown, of the Brandon Experimental Farm, estimates that the average for Manitoba farms is now over \$15 an acre.

What has this strong tide of mechanization meant to western Canada? A great deal on the credit side. It has enabled farmers to maintain production in the face of a continually diminishing labor supply. In a real sense it helped to win the war, for without it the high volume of war-time food production could not have been achieved. It has been a powerful cost-reducing factor in a period when all other costs were rising. Because of this it enabled prairie farmers to rid themselves of a load of debt which seemed hopeless in the middle thirties. Mechanization plus a series of favorable seasons has put the western farmer in the best economic position in which he has ever been.

So much for the credit side. What of the debits? Mechanization has led western agriculture into greater impermanence than ever. In some areas the succession of favorable seasons has led to the cropping of lands which in the long run are unsuited to cultivation. It has encouraged "suit case" farming—taking the last nickel out of the land without thought of the morrow. Some of the most spectacular war-time production records have been obtained by big outfits which would be well advised to take stock before the day of reckoning arrives. Mechanization has increased the formation of company farms at the expense of family farms, a distinct social loss.

Should the prairies be re-visited by another long series of dry years, the livestock population, greatly reduced in many areas to be sure, would suffer more than it did in the early thirties. In those years straw stacks were fairly plentiful. Today nearly the whole country is blanketed with combine straw inaccessible for emergency feeding after snowfall. One may travel many miles today without seeing a single straw stack. The grow-more-grass policy, which gained some acceptance after the last depression, is now in disfavor except among those with long memories. Many farmers who once kept a few head of stock now buy their butter and meat, and move to town for the winter.

The Guide does not presume to judge those who followed the trend. Events have vindicated them. If one could count on a continuance of seasons such as this country enjoyed during the war years farmers might continue along these lines for a long time. But the dry years will come again, and it is well for those who live on the land to gauge their ability, individually and collectively, to meet them. As Canadians we are as much concerned about reserves in the soil as individuals are about their reserves in the bank.

# Under the PEACE TOWER

THE Dollar shortage has gone fashionable and succumbed to that New Look. It is now called austerity. Austerity has finally arrived. Those here on Parliament Hill could see it coming for a long time, but then, of course so could a lot of other people. To prevent Canada from going to the international poor house, we have devised two cures. The first, a negative treatment, is Austerity, which simply means we do without things. The second, and a positive cure if taken properly, is Production.

But before we can get where we want to go, in this Peace Tower, let us look at the Twin babies that landed on our doorstep on Parliament Hill, a while back. The first was austerity, the second, the Geneva Pact. Many people have overlooked the significance of the latter, due to the impact of the former. Even the finest view can be temporarily ruined by a grain of sand in your eye; it does temporarily prevent many a Canadian from seeing a very pleasant prospect in the future.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King does not use the same comparison, but describes austerity as a sharp detour on the road to better things. But choose what metaphor or simile you will, never let it be forgotten that these Geneva tariffs are an enormous step forward.

Meanwhile, there is this austerity, dangling around our necks like the Albatross around the Ancient Mariner. But while housewives are irritated—if that is a strong enough word—about austerity, remember that it is after all, only window dressing for a more serious economic problem.

HERE'S the kind of thing the government is after: A big eastern utility has just placed an order for \$60,000,000 with some American firm. Could this not be produced, at least in part, in Canada? The government has a pretty good idea that maybe it could. It is noticeable that certain automobile manufacturers have been very languid about the whole business. They have been importing motor cars from the States, motor cars of a type they used to make in Canada. Parts, which could be made in Canada during the war, are now imported by the paying of precious U.S. dollars. The federal authorities feel that what Canada did in war, she can do in peace. If she can't, the government intends to find out why.

I'd make a guess and say that if the Canadian Manufacturers' Association muff this chance, you will see Canada break out in a rash of crown companies. What the government did in rubber, with Polymer, it can do with automotive parts. It's the handwriting on the wall, and manufacturers who blandly import products from the States had better learn how to read it before it is too late!

Therefore, austerity is only a bird of passage. It will just stay here long enough in some instances to rattle the molars of some of our more complacent citizenry, although it may linger long enough with some of our lassitudinous manufacturers to permit them to dig their own graves. Actually, savings on fruits and vegetables are, to keep within the economic garden, "small potatoes." It would not surprise people here if many things like citrus fruits go back on the free list, and that in the new year, fresh vegetables were allowed to enter Canada in larger quantities. The saving on them by keeping them out, in total figures, is negligible.

What then, is the government going to do? The answer is production, production, production.

From the farmer's standpoint, he has no worries today on the production line. He can sell all he produces. What's more, experts here in Ottawa say that not in ten years will we face a case where the farmer has to take what the market offers to him. In other words, good farm prices are here to stay. The United States has found out that Wendell Willkie is right, and this cosmos is indeed One World. Then, being our brother's keeper, we have to feed him.

Then the farmer's taken care of, in the foreseeable future. That brings us to the manufacturer. It is here that the battle begins. If Canada can produce more, she can sell more. And if she sells more, she prospers more. For instance, today, if she could produce four times as much newsprint, she could sell it.

But the Dominion government today is saying in effect: Why always think in terms of exports? Why not cater to our own people? Here the federal authorities can make out an excellent case. They can show the monthly imports from United States, year after year, and ask pertinently, why isn't this made here? So the new plan of the government is to produce on this side of the line, goods formerly imported from United States.

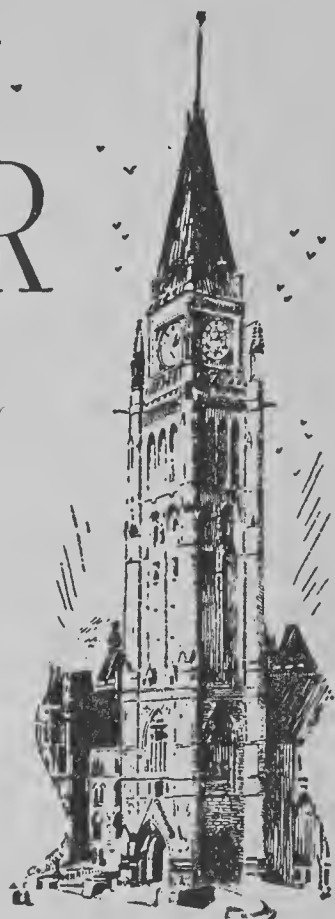
But there's more than just producing a commodity. The big job is merchandizing. We often guffaw at the hysterical way the Americans sell their goods. Actually, we should laugh on the other side of our faces. For instance: Canada produces all kinds of apples. Oranges she produces none of whatsoever. Now then, start at Winnipeg, and at every small town from there to Calgary, go in and ask for orange juice, and apple juice. It is my bet that all but the smallest town will somehow be able to give you orange juice, but even the largest may sometimes fail to produce you apple juice.

Why?

BECAUSE Canadians are just bad merchandizers. The Americans can get oranges into the most frost-bitten town in Canada, while we let apples rot in our own backyards. Anyway, "no one wants apple juice." That's because people think they don't like it. But American methods would sell the stuff quickly enough. Without borrowing all the frenzy and fury of radio comedians.

What needs to be done for apple juice also needs to be done for Canadian products generally. Thus far we have failed to sell many Canadian products to Canadians. That's the job ahead.

Austerity will pass away as dark clouds always pass away, and so will pass too, the temporary necessity of shipping everything to Britain.



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# National Grain

### 2,4-D at Regina

**O**N November 26, 27 and 28 the first national weed conference to be held in Canada was staged at Regina. It drew 142 attendants from Montreal to Vancouver including a dozen American visitors from New York to Dakota, and more young doctors than you would find at a first class city fire, albeit they were not medicos. About half the total number in attendance were commercial men interested in chemicals or machinery.

The conference was avowedly limited to the discussion of 2,4-D, a weed killer which in three years has so proved its worth as to have been used on half a million acres in Canada last year. The talking was left almost entirely to the technical investigators, a class of men who are generally cautious about predictions, but a layman checking the claims and counter-claims would be forced to conclude that chemical weed control has only made a beginning. It is not too much to expect that soon new chemicals will be forthcoming till farmers can obtain complete weed control in any crop. The picture is changing so fast that there is no guarantee that we shall be interested in 2,4-D ten years from now.

A great deal of the experimental work discussed was of one year's duration. There was quite a bit of contradiction on some points, which shows that 2,4-D will achieve certain results under given soil and climatic conditions, which cannot be repeated elsewhere. The press was silenced at the outset by the caution that views expressed on such limited experience were only tentative.

Nevertheless some general impressions emerge. It was freely accepted that under favorable circumstances complete kills can be obtained by the ester formulation working on stands of mustard, and very satisfactory kills of stinkweed. As one runs down the category of weeds, doubts multiply. Some weeds like Russian thistle are hardly affected. J. Ficht, of Swift Current, rated the resistance of Russian thistles the same as that of flax.

**M**UCH time was given to the efficacy of 2,4-D against perennials. Dr. T. Pavlychenko, of Saskatoon, recorded some positive results against Sow thistle, Canada thistle, and Leafy Spurge, and Supt. A. E. Palmer described good control with Sow thistle on the Kootenay Flats in B.C. Others were not so satisfied, and J. J. Sexsmith admitted the strong resistance of Hoary Cress in the work he had carried out at Dalroy, Alta.

Attention was paid to the possibility of damage to crops. Dr. P. J. Olson, of Winnipeg, and H. W. Leggett, of Lacombe, reported experiments that were reassuring as long as solutions were not stronger than those recommended by the manufacturer. There is some malformation of heads with strong solutions, but the consensus of opinion was that it did not hinder germination of grain from the distorted heads, a point carefully investigated by J. G. Davidson of Indian Head, and others.

The conference brought out one thing definitely. A year ago it was considered by many that flax was a dangerous crop to treat. That fear seems now to be completely dissipated.

Supt. G. Matthews discussed the possibility of chemical summerfallow to get away from the dangers of soil drifting. He conceded that the practice might have a place if a farmer is confronted with mustard and stinkweed only, and provided he does not object to the mat of Peppergrass he is likely to have. For the man with perennials or wild oats, it is out. Messrs. Matthews and Palmer raised an important point on the possibility of clearing up old pastures which have become polluted with woody perennials like wild rose, buckbrush, snowberry and cinquefoil.—P.M.A.



## NEWS OF AGRICULTURE



More than 700 young men and women from prairie farms are attending schools of agriculture like this one at Vermilion, Alta., or taking diploma courses at prairie universities.

CANADA'S national income for 1946 was \$9,464 million (\$3,972 million in 1938). Of this national income, salaries, wages, and supplementary income amounted to \$5,113 million, investment income \$1,835 million, agriculture and other unincorporated business \$2,161 million (agriculture was 58 per cent of this figure).

AUSTRALIA contains about three million square miles, which is about one-third unsuitable desert. Another 42 per cent is suitable only for light grazing, but only one-third is suitable for crop production. The remaining 24 per cent has rainfall for crop production, but only eight per cent is suitable for cultivation.

THE grain research laboratory of the Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada estimates that about eight per cent of the 1947 prairie wheat crop will grade No. 1 Northern, with about 65 per cent grading two and three Northern, and 27 per cent No. 4 Northern and lower. Percentages of tough and damp wheat will be high. Average protein content for grade one to four Northern will average 14.4 per cent, or a little lower as the season progresses, as compared with 13.6 per cent over the past 20 years. Average protein content this year increases with decreasing grades, but the bushel weight decreases with the grades.

THE International Federation of Agricultural Producers estimated in November that the exportable grain surplus from the principal producing countries of the world from the 1947-1948 harvest will be about 25 million tons of wheat and five million tons of coarse grains. Europe, excluding Russia, will have a grain harvest this year of about 36.8 million metric tons—seven million metric tons less than last year. This means Europe will require about 25 million metric tons of imported grain, maintaining an average diet of 2,300 calories over the whole continent.

ON November 10, the Dominion government released from individual export permit control all registered and certified seed in the four western provinces, of wheat, oats, barley, flaxseed, peas, beans, corn and sunflowers until June 30, 1948. Exporters will be required to quote only general export permit number SPL 959 on the customs export entry form B-13-B, for exports to be readily cleared through Canadian ports of exit. Export documents must be accompanied by a seed inspection certificate.

IN August, the Australian Commonwealth wheat stabilization plan was extended for seven years, ending 1952-1953, and the guaranteed price will be

five shillings per bushel, or a penny per bushel increase.

THE three prairie provinces produced this year a total of 656,480,000 bushels of grain, including wheat, oats, barley, rye and flaxseed. This compares with 787,486,000 bushels in 1946, and is a decrease of 121 million bushels (wheat 74 million and oats 53 million). From August 1 to October 30, prairie farmers had delivered 248.5 million bushels of grain, as compared with 252.5 million for the same period in 1946.

J. CHARLES YULE, manager of the J. Calgary Stampede, who has had a lifelong interest in livestock and in Shorthorn cattle in particular, and who has several times judged Shorthorn cattle at the International Livestock Exhibition, Chicago, will judge Shorthorns at the famous Perth show to be held in this famous Scottish centre next February.

IN mid-1947, Britain had a farm labor force of 1,052,000. By the middle of 1948, the government aims at 1,120,000 agricultural workers, or 68,000 more than in 1947. Allowing for a wastage of 30,000 some 98,000 workers will need to be recruited, of whom not more than 43,000 are expected to come from European volunteer workers and German and Italian prisoners of war who chose to remain in England as civilians. This means some 55,000 additional British workers must be recruited for agriculture.

AUSTRALIAN inventors have been working on a means of getting clean eggs from the poultry house. The Victorian Egg Board offers £50 (about \$160 Canadian) for a nest which would get the egg clear of the hen before she could trample it with muddy feet. Many working models have been submitted. One model contains a drawbridge, gear wheels, collection box and conveyor belt. With this gadget, the hen lays the egg; it goes down a chute to the conveyor belt; the hen crosses the drawbridge to leave the nest; her weight causes the drawbridge to drop and set in motion gears which carry the egg along the conveyor belt to a collection box.

IN 1938 the first dairy cattle artificial breeding co-operative organization to be formed in the United States was formed in New Jersey. By January 1, 1939, there were six associations in operation, controlled by 646 members, who had a total of 7,539 cows enrolled for service and who owned or leased 33 bulls. On January 1, 1947, there were 611 associations organized, with 1,125,000 milk cows enrolled for service, 1,400 bulls and 140,000 members.

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(Donn. Dept. of Agr. photo.)  
Cold weather pigs sometimes need protection from the cold when newborn, unless a well-equipped brooder house is available for farrowing.

## Feed Values and Prices

Shifts in prices call for changes in feeding practices

By J. W. G. MacEwan

**A**N automobile expert was remarking, the other day, that in buying cars, "you get about what you pay for." It may be so in automobiles, but it is not so in livestock feeds at the present time. There is, strangely, little relationship between feed values and prices, and some of the price differentials which obtained six months ago have been reversed lately.

The new hay crop and the removal of price controls from feed grains have changed everything. Those who are obliged to buy feeds should study values and make comparisons as never before. The ratios between feed prices and animal product prices have become comparatively unfavorable to the producers; and efficiency in the selection and use of feeds has attained new importance.

Last April, we in Winnipeg were paying \$30 a ton for grass hay in bales and \$33 a ton for barley grain. This week (November 15) we paid \$54 a ton for barley, but we could buy good quality baled hay for \$18 a ton. Last winter and spring, we were inclined to reduce hay rations and feed more grain because a dollar spent on grass hay furnished only 37 Canadian feed units while a dollar's worth of barley represented 60 Canadian feed units. (One Canadian feed unit represents the amount of net energy in one pound of wheat. Barley, like wheat, has a C.F.U. value of 1., oats .84, bran .6, brome hay .56, and oat straw .27). As feeders bought hay and barley in Winnipeg last week, a dollar's worth of hay was providing 62 feed units and the same expenditure for barley was yielding only 37 feed units. And still more significant, a dollar's worth of oats retailing at \$56 a ton, would give only 30 feed units. Bran which last year was a comparatively expensive feed on the basis of net energy, can be bought at the time of writing at \$40 a ton and is thus a more economical feed than oats. And wheat shorts at \$43 per ton looked quite a bit cheaper than oats: Shorts were actually on a par with barley in feed units per dollar of expenditure.

Obviously, feeds have individual characteristics and hence, special uses. Oats, for example, are considered the most nearly fool-proof grain for cattle, sheep and horses, but if the common grains can be compared on the basis of net energy or Canadian feed units, oats represent about the most expensive feed at the present time. And still more astonishing, wheat would be among the more economical feeds. The poultryman who bought oats at \$58 a ton and barley at \$54 in recent weeks, could buy No. 5 wheat at \$53.

There are strong moral reasons why we should not feed milling wheat

while many of the world's millions are suffering from food shortage; but there are non-milling grades and it will be well to remember some of the lessons from the years prior to 1943, with respect to feeding wheat. Too much wheat in the rations of market pigs may be conducive to overfinish, and careless feeding of wheat to any class of stock may create disorder. But the fact remains that wheat has many excellent qualities, being low in fibre, palatable, high in net feeding value, and can be used quite widely when price and other circumstances justify. Nothing better than No. 5 is being sold for feeding purposes through established channels, which is as it should be in this period of hunger beyond our shores. But there is wheat of lower grades in several areas of the west this year, including northern Alberta; and for feeding purposes, No. 5 or 6 wheat has been shown to be nearly as good as higher grades.

Oats, the luxury grain at the moment, are admittedly excellent for horses, but by no means the only grain which can be used successfully for that class of stock. Ground barley with 10 per cent of bran could be a useful grain feed for horses, also a combination of 80 per cent coarsely-ground wheat of non-milling grade and 20 per cent of oat hulls, if and when these latter products are available.

The use of the feed scale is to be recommended to all feeders; and when substitutions such as just noted are to be made, it becomes doubly important to ration by weight rather than by measure. The importance of this will be appreciated when it is recalled that a gallon of oat chop weighs three pounds, but a gallon of wheat chop weighs around six and one-half pounds.

**B**ARLEY is still Canada's most versatile grain feed and the one which demands the average feeder's chief consideration today. Its price soared after the removal of controls, but price must adjust itself to what the stockmen can and will pay for it. It will probably return to the position which it has long held, as the most economical grain source of calories or feed units. Barley will constitute the basis for Canada's bacon industry, just as corn has been at the back of the pig business in the United States. And barley will continue to be the basic grain in rations for fattening steers. With less fibre than oats and more than wheat, it combines safety in use and high feeding value to a good degree.

The new feed prices place the pig men in the most difficult position, because grains must constitute the big part of pig rations. The use of a reliable mixed protein concentrate, along

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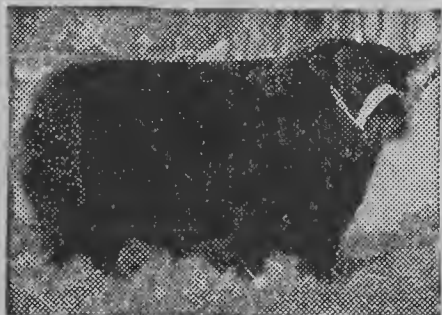
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with a low-fibre grain or grain mixture, is just as important as ever, even though mixed concentrates are up in price also. The point is that producers who do not have some skim milk or buttermilk for their pigs, cannot afford to feed these high-priced grains unsupplemented.

The dairyman, if he has top quality roughage and part of that roughage is legume hay, may be able to reduce the usual rations of grains somewhat. In deviating from standard prices however, the dairy producer must "feel his way" cautiously. Certainly some good legume hay can effectively reduce the need for \$85-per-ton oil cake meal.

The breeding beef herds made up of dry cows, and the ewe flocks which get good hay this winter, will not need any of the precious grain—at least not until on toward calving and lambing seasons. And for those who are fattening cattle for spring market, hand feeding of grain at lower than usual amounts, for a somewhat longer fattening period, is capable of producing a good state of finish with a lower expenditure for grain.

Yes, the stockmen find themselves in an awkward position, but it is a position which must correct itself before long. It would be tragedy if, in a short period of unfavorable prices, there was extensive liquidation of breeding stock, or a serious departure from such diversification as we now have. It is hoped, therefore, that stock owners will look to the future, seek through study the most economical feeding practices, and await favorable adjustments. Diversification is still a sound policy.

(J. W. G. MacEwan is Dean of Agriculture of the University of Manitoba).

### Hand Feeding versus Self Feeding

**O**LDTIMERS who have fed livestock all their lives often find it difficult to concede much merit to self-feeding, where animals have free choice of what they will eat.

An experiment conducted at the University of Nevada seems to indicate that under proper conditions, self-feeding is superior to hand feeding. This experiment was conducted with ten pigs in each of two groups. Both groups were fed barley, protein supplement and skim milk. The self-fed group were given barley and the protein supplement in separate compartments, and the skim milk was fed in equal amounts to both groups. The protein supplement used was 40 pounds of fish meal, 30 pounds of linseed meal and 30 pounds of alfalfa meal. The pigs were fed for 112 days, and weighed 50 pounds at the beginning of the experiment.

During the feeding period the self-fed group gained 100 pounds for each 68 days of feeding, and reached an average weight of 210 pounds. The hand-fed group gained 100 pounds in 76 days of feeding and averaged 198 pounds in weight at the end. The self-fed group gained 1.43 pounds per day, and the hand-fed group 1.32 pounds. The self-fed pigs, however, consumed 523 pounds of barley, or 327 pounds per 100 pounds of gain, as compared with 448 pounds of barley and 302 pounds per 100 pounds of gain for the hand-fed group. The self-fed pigs consumed a little less protein supplement, or 16 pounds per 100 pounds of gain, as compared with 19 pounds for the hand-fed group. They also consumed a little less skim milk per 100 pounds of gain.

Under the guidance of an experienced and careful feeder, it is quite probable that hand-fed pigs might do a little better. Certainly there must be some justification for the faith which some of the best pig feeders have in hand feeding. On the other hand, it is probably true that the majority of pig feeders are not the most discriminating and observant. For these, self-feeding would probably bring better results on the whole, aside from the amount of labor saved.

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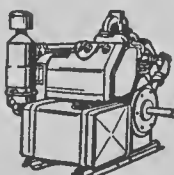
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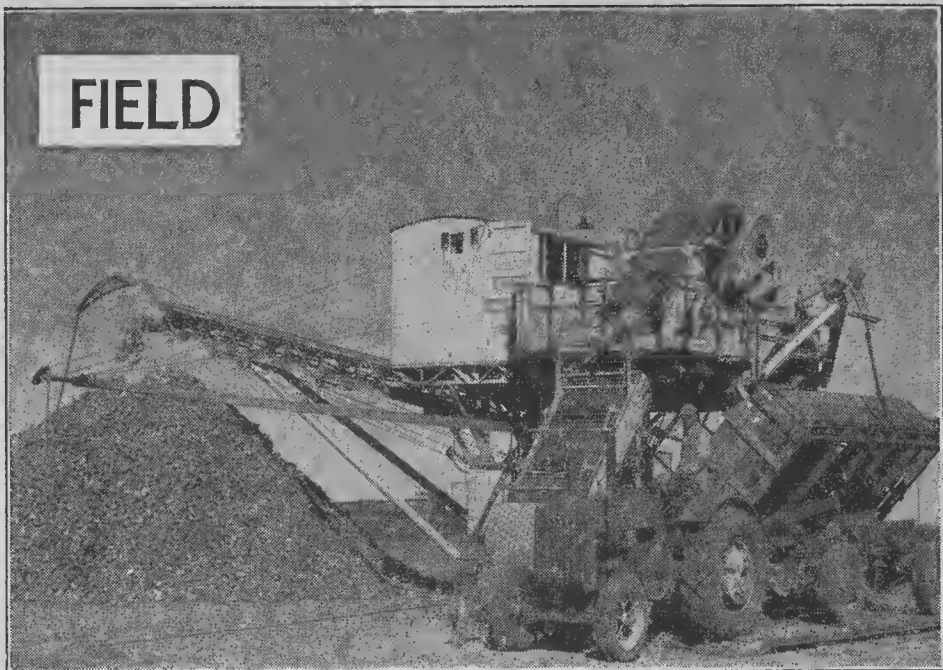
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## FIELD



Sugar beet growers will have some price increase as a result of decontrol. This is important since sugar beets are a significant cash crop in the West.

## Soil--Plant--Animal--Human

There is a definite relationship between food quality, and soil fertility

**N**OW that there has been something of a world-wide awakening to the responsibilities the nations have for maintaining adequate food supplies, and now that we have a Food and Agriculture Organization on a large international scale, and there is talk of a world food board, a whole vast field of new knowledge is opening up before us.

Hitherto, lone research workers have been given leads here and there throughout their work, pointing to the relation between the health of human beings and the quality or fertility of the soils on which, and from which, human food is produced.

During recent years, some research and experimental institutions have taken to watching animals as they eat in an endeavor to check their eating habits with the resulting growth and quality of the meat; and they have discovered that animals instinctively turn, in many cases at least, to specific feeds such as individual grasses or grains or hay crops which have higher nutritional values than other feed substances to which they may have equally easy access.

Most of us know, for example, that the application of nitrogen to soil induces heavier growth, and we know that the legumes such as peas, beans, alfalfa and clover are especially useful, because they are hosts to swarms of bacteria which are able to fix nitrogen gathered from the air, which helps to make such crops soil improvers when turned under. We know something about the relationship between nitrogen and proteins, which are nitrogenous substances varying greatly in character and of complex structure, representing many chemical combinations of what are called amino acids, which in turn are combinations of nitrogen together with carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and sometimes other substances. These amino acids, therefore, are forms of growth promoters which contain nitrogen.

Since these proteins, formed from combinations of amino acids, are of many different kinds, it is reasonable to suppose that they are also of different qualities. There is much that even the scientist does not know yet about proteins, but there is reason to know that animals, while not able to conduct chemical experiments or write out chemical formulae, are still able to distinguish between sources of nitrogen for the promotion of their own growth, better than the chemists or the physiologists or other kinds of scientists working with life processes.

Dr. William A. Albrecht, of the College of Agriculture, Columbia, Missouri,

tells of an experiment with corn-fed hogs, in two series of plots, in one of which red clover was turned under as green manure, and in the other where sweet clover was used for the same purpose. After the legumes were turned under, corn was planted on both sets of plots, harvested separately and later used in separate compartments of a self feeder. The hogs were given additional protein supplements since corn is a heavily starched food. Some commercial fertilizers were used to increase the growth of both sweet clover and red clover, but it was noticed that as time went on the hogs showed less interest in the corn grown on the sweet clover land, and more and more liking for the corn grown on the red clover land. It is supposed that the red clover turned under as green manure gave a type of soil fertility which produced a quality of corn instinctively recognized by the pigs as being more health promoting. This may have been due to a different combination of the amino acids, leading to protein substances of a different character.

Hitherto we have been content as farmers to stir up the soil, plant seed in it, add some manure or commercial fertilizers, perhaps, and sell the resulting product as human food or animal feed without much thought as to differences in quality of the product. There is reason to think that the farmer of tomorrow will not be able—perhaps may not be permitted—to do this quite so lightheartedly. As more and more people come to live in cities and society as a whole becomes more and more dependent on the food which must be grown for them by those still remaining on the land, the soil as a basis of civilization, the kind and quality of crops grown, and the use to which the land is put, will become more and more important. It is to be expected that the vast, unknown field of soil-plant-animal-human relationships will be much more thoroughly explored.

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**W**HEN we bought our place three years ago, it was just wild land with a wild meadow.

We had to make a garden. We had good black loam bottom land and a sandy bench, but it froze too early on the bottom land for potatoes, so we ploughed a quarter-acre of sandy bench land. Then we hauled several loads of well-rotted manure from a neighbor's for top dressing. This we disced in, then floated, and planted potatoes. We got four sacks that year.

The following winter, after the snow came, we gave it a heavy dressing of



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sheep manure on top of the snow. This was to keep the moisture in. In the spring we ploughed this under, then disced and floated it before planting potatoes.

The soil looked better now and that fall we harvested 18 bags from the same piece.

The next winter we again manured heavily with cow manure. This was put on top of 12 inches of snow. We ploughed that under in the spring and planted potatoes again. The crop last fall amounted to 50 bags of potatoes, and the soil now looks good. It also grows some of the nicest carrots and parsnips I have ever seen.—Mrs. H. WEINHARDT, Engra, B.C.

### Dead Tractor Storage for Winter

FARM tractors that are not to be used much during the winter should not be run into a shed and left for the winter after the radiator has been drained. That kind of winter storage is likely to be pretty unprofitable, according to agricultural engineers of the North Dakota Agricultural College. They say it will bring plenty of headaches in the spring. In fact, a pretty thorough servicing before putting the tractor into storage is made to sound like a good investment.

They list ten servicing operations to prevent sticky valves, rusted cylinder walls and sticky rings in the spring. The time spent in the fall also helps to prevent several hours of hard cranking when the tractor is first taken out of storage.

Here are the ten winter storage commandments:

1. Drain crankcase clean or replace oil filter.
2. Refill crankcase with new oil; start the engine and run for a few minutes to allow new oil to circulate into all working parts.
3. Service air cleaner.
4. Grease tractor.
5. Run tractor into a dry shed and jack up the wheels if equipped with rubber tires.
6. Drain cooling system, flush with radiator cleaner, and then with clean water. Leave drain plugs out.
7. Remove spark plugs and pour two tablespoonfuls of heavy oil into each cylinder, then turn engine several revolutions with crank to coat cylinder walls with an oil film. Replace plugs.
8. Drain fuel tanks and carburetor; leave drain cocks open. Gasoline left in tanks evaporates and leaves a gummy deposit inside the fuel tank, fuel lines and carburetor jets. This gummy deposit would have to be removed with a mixture of alcohol and benzol, or acetone. Gasoline left in fuel tank also creates a fire hazard.
9. If the tractor is equipped with storage battery, remove the battery and bring it up to a full charge, then check every month and recharge, if necessary.
10. Cover exhaust pipe.

### Ice for Summer

IT isn't much of a trick to put up an enclosure about ten feet square and eight feet high to hold a supply of ice for the summer months. Such an enclosure will supply 50 pounds per day for 130 days, and allow for some wastage.

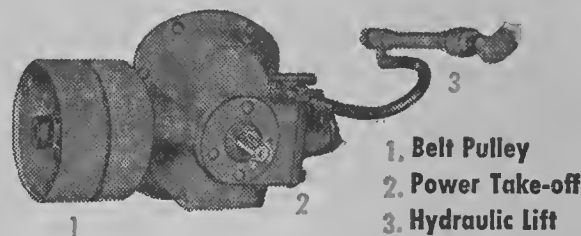
Many farms are without ice in the summer months that could have it by utilizing nearby water supplies. It helps to keep dairy products and household food supplies cool during the hot months.

If no ice house is available and an enclosure is put up for the purpose, the bottom should be covered with about a foot of sawdust. If the soil below is more or less impervious, two inches of gravel between the sawdust and the soil will be better. To store the ice, take the boards away from one side of the enclosure and store the ice in the centre, leaving one foot between it and the outer boards to be filled with sawdust. It is the sawdust which keeps the ice from melting and the top of the pile should be covered fairly thickly with sawdust. The drier the ice the longer it will keep.



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## HORTICULTURE



[Guide photo.]  
British Columbia grows substantial acreages of flower seeds. This field is on Vancouver Island not far from Saanichton.

### Choosing Location for Trees

**P**ERHAPS you have in mind planting some additional trees next spring. It may be that a new windbreak is needed, or that you want some trees for decorative purposes within the farmstead. It might even be that the first beginning will be made in 1948.

John Walker, Superintendent of the Dominion Forest Nursery Station, Indian Head, Saskatchewan, has a number of precautionary suggestions to make with regard to the location of trees. First is the importance of moisture. Trees do better in a spot that is slightly lower than the surrounding soil, because the moisture drains into it. On the other hand, spots that are too low, so that water stands in them, or where alkali may have accumulated, are very seldom suitable.

In nature, too, trees grow better on a northern slope than where the slope is to the south. The reason here is much the same. The northern slope retains moisture longer. Growth doesn't start so early in the spring and the heat of the sun doesn't have such a severe effect on the trunk and branches during the hot months. Then, too, alkali spots ought to be avoided, although there are a certain number of shrubs, according to Mr. Walker, which seem to thrive fairly well in alkaline soils. Among these are the buffaloberry, cherry, prinsepia, wolf willow, and tamarix.

Some trees do better on some soils than others, and here is a classification offered by Mr. Walker: Trees which will do reasonably well on sandy, rich loam or heavy clay soils, include poplar, box elder, caragana, Scotch pine, white spruce and Colorado spruce. Other trees which do well on rich loam and heavy clay soils, but are not as satisfactory on sandy soils, include cottonwood, willow, green ash, American elm and larch. Trees such as the bur oak and white cedar are satisfactory only on heavy clay soils.

### To Decrease Losses of Garden Soil

**P**RAIRIE gardeners often suffer more or less severe losses in the yield of future crops, either fruit or vegetables, because valuable fertility has been washed or blown away through water or wind erosion. The necessity of keeping fruit and vegetable crops well cultivated tends to increase danger of such losses unless the gardener is careful to prevent them in every way possible.

Recently at Lethbridge, A. E. Palmer, superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station there, discussed this loss of fertility in horticultural soils and summarized the dangers by saying:

"The obvious controls are to keep the soil covered with plants or plant resi-

due or to keep it rough or ridged; to decrease run-off by contour plantings or ridgings; to prevent the accumulation of streams of water from torrential storms or irrigation; and to plant protecting windbreaks. These are the general conditions and principles that have wide application, if modified to meet local situations."

### Hybrid Vegetable Seed

**P**RODUCTION of hybrid vegetable seed is likely to become an important part of the vegetable seed industry within a comparatively short time, following the very satisfactory experience with hybrid seed for field corn. Hybrid sweet corn was naturally the first to be attempted in the vegetable group. Tomatoes followed quickly and it was not long before hybrid seed of cucumbers, onions and early squash became available in limited quantities. Tests are also under way with muskmelon, radish, carrots, parsnips, beets, peppers and eggplant.

Vigor is the most marked characteristic of plants from hybrid seed, and along with this is uniformity and height of plant, and the size and shape of fruit. Sometimes increased earliness is associated with hybrid seed, and yields are generally increased substantially.

Hybrid seed is not so called because it results from the crossing of two kinds or varieties. It is, rather, produced as the result of selecting within a variety of one or more strains, and breeding these by self-fertilization for a sufficient number of generations to produce a pure strain. This is called in-breeding. Two such pure strains are then hybridized under field conditions to produce seed which, when sown, will in turn produce pure hybrid plants. It is these true hybrids which have marked increase of vigor over either of their parents, or over the mixture of strains which commonly go under the name of an individual variety.

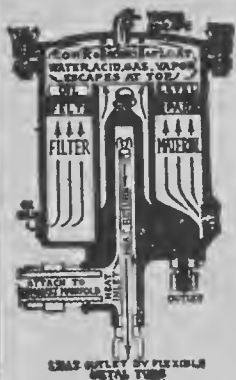
A news letter from the Morden Station has explained the commercial production of hybrid seed of sweet corn, squash, pumpkin, marrow and some strains of cucumber and muskmelon as follows: "To produce hybrid seed, the inbred parents are planted in alternate rows—with corn, one row of the male inbred (pure strain) is alternated with three rows of the female inbred. During the summer, all the tassels of the female inbred are pulled as they emerge. With the vegetables, single rows of the true inbred are alternated and then the male flowers of the female inbred row are removed as they begin to bud. Thus the cross-pollination of the inbred is done automatically by the wind or insects."



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## CHANGE OF HEART

Continued from page 5

Work can no longer be done at 1922 costs. The American Senate sub-committee reporting last year upped the over-all cost to \$884 million of which \$165 million has already been spent at Welland and the Soo.

The figures break down roughly as follows (in millions):

### Expenditure to Date:

By Canada (Welland Canal) ..	\$133
By U.S.A. ....	32

Total .....	\$165
-------------	-------

### Still to Be Spent:

#### I By Canada:

##### (a) International Rapids section:

Work solely for power ..	\$ 64.6
Navigation and power ..	34.5

##### (b) Canadian section:

St. Francis channel .....	2
Soulanges reach .....	39.6
Lachine reach .....	85.9

Total .....	\$227
-------------	-------

#### II By United States:

##### (a) Great Lakes section:

New Sault lock .....	\$ 14.6
Connecting channels ..	61

##### (b) Thousand Islands section

.....	1.3
-------	-----

##### (c) International Rapids section:

Work solely for navigation .....	66.1
Work solely for power ..	166.2
Navigation and power ..	182.6

Total .....	\$492
-------------	-------

Canadian experts take exception to the new cost figures as being too high. In fact the American legislators themselves declared that their engineers were over-generous. They were willing to accept the estimate that American costs had risen 53.8 per cent since 1941, but that is no reason why Canadian costs should be upped to the same extent. In fact there is ground for believing that Canadian construction costs have not advanced more than 30 per cent in the same time.

There is a phrase in the American proposals about to be placed before the Congress which will require some interpretation, and about which Canadian negotiators will have something to say. The Americans are thinking in terms of a self-liquidating enterprise, one which will be paid for out of tolls to be charged traffic using the system. Some American senators, at least, propose to charge tolls for use of the sections yet to be built, but will not permit tolls on sections of the seaway now in use.

**N**OW Canada's principle contribution to the seaway is the Welland Canal. It will be difficult to reconcile Canadian opinion to the idea of free passage on a purely Canadian section and tolls for the International section. Canadians will bargain for tolls to retire the cost of construction at Welland if charges are allowed elsewhere. Everywhere or nowhere. And yet, as the Financial Post has said "There are highly important vested interests at Welland and the Soo which have developed huge businesses around a free canal system, and which will strenuously resist any change. There is also the point as to whether iron ore from an eventual development in Labrador should be required to pay a toll to move into the Great Lakes, when ore moving eastward through the Soo locks pays no such impost."

The hopeful sign, however, is that a committee of the American Senate, the body which threw out the draft treaty of 1934, now concludes that "it is feasible and practical to make the St. Lawrence seaway self-supporting and self-liquidating, even at the high construction costs prevailing in 1947."

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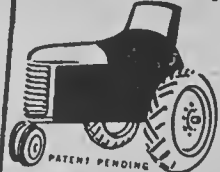
Along about this time of year most folks get full of Christmas cheer and spend their dollars and their cents for gifts and cards with sentiments. I've kinda' got the spirit too—and here's a wish and gift for you: I wish, that as you go about all the jobs indoors and out us farmers can't afford to shirk I wish you're comfortable at work. And here's the gift—it's just a tip on how to give the chills the slip, at least on every winter chore that you can use your tractor for—if perfect ease you would discover, just get a COMFORT TRACTOR COVER. It brings the tractor engine heat all up around the driver's seat—protects from winter aches and chills and saves you days and doctor bills.

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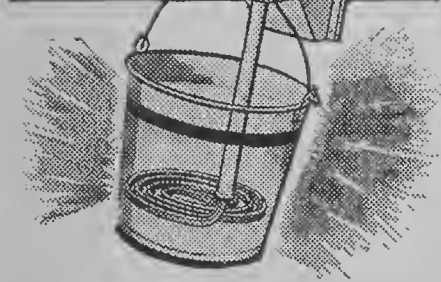
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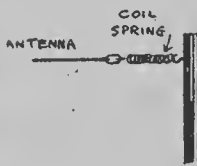
**Auto Wrecking Co. Ltd., 263 to 273 Fort St., Winnipeg**

## Grab-bag of Workshop Ideas

A variety of labor and money-saving ideas you may use

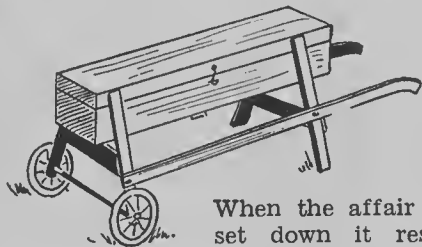
### Antenna Aid

Due to continual changes in weather conditions, the radio antenna often loosens and lowers. Accumulations of frost may also loosen it. The use of the spring as in the diagram will keep up antenna tension and give better reception.



### Portable Tool Chest

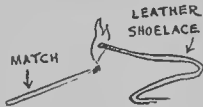
This is a portable and combined tool chest and saw horse. The saw horse is made as usual but with a top 10 inches or a foot wide. The axle and wheels are fastened to one pair of legs and a pair of handles fitted as shown.



When the affair is set down it rests on the legs as usual but when the handles are raised the wheels come into play. Then a tool chest is made to fit and is carried under the top of the saw horse to which it is attached with hooks for moving around.—D.C.R.

### Improved Shoe Lace Tags

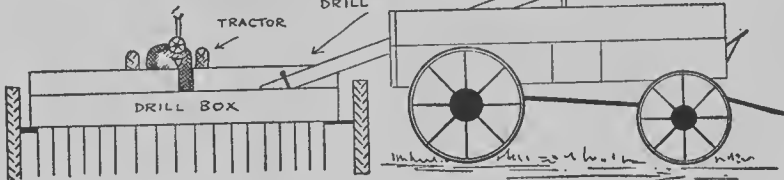
Hard tips can be put on rawhide shoe laces, belt lacings, etc., by simply holding the ends of the lacing in the flame of a match or candle. Apply the heat just long enough to harden the tips sufficiently.



### Preventing Seepage

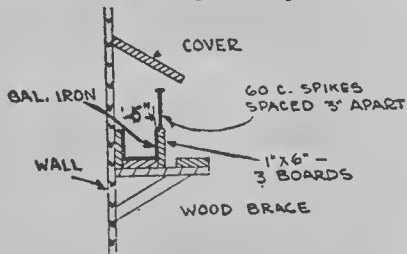
If a pond is very shallow and there is no noticeable seepage, evaporation often causes great loss. About the only remedy is to increase the depth and decrease the surface area in proportion to the volume.

Loss due to seepage can often be stopped by dumping in several truck loads of clay and working it up into a mortar over the suspected area. Leakage through gopher holes through the dam can sometimes be stopped when the pond is empty by laying woven fencing on the upper slope and plastering with concrete mortar. Sometimes the best solution is to dig a deep trench along the middle of the dam and put in a core of puddled clay or, in extreme cases, of concrete.—I.W.D.



### Good Poultry Fountain

Here is a sketch of a chicken waterer that is the best among many I have tried. It keeps the water clean for months at a time. A trough this size holds about one gallon per foot of

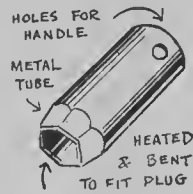


length. The spikes or irons are spaced about 3 inches apart and the trough should be set on a bracket about 3 feet from the floor. The cover is hinged so it can be lifted up for filling and

cleaning. It is seldom even a feather gets in the water.—I.W.D.

### Spark Plug Wrench

Not being able to find at the garages or stores a spark plug wrench to fit the particular spark plug I wanted it for, I made one out of a piece of metal tubing. An old piston bushing with the inside slightly smaller than the nut of the plug will do. The piece of tubing was heated at one end and hammered over the nut of the plug while it was red hot, with the plug held in a vise. This formed one end of the tubing into a wrench to fit the plug. A hole is bored in the other end to insert handle for the wrench.

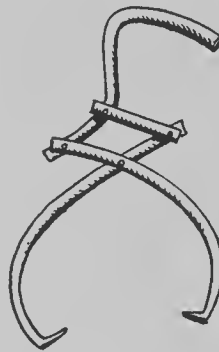


### Cleaning Clogged Sink

We have found this method satisfactory for cleaning out a clogged sink and underground pipes. Cut the valve stem from a heavy truck tube, leaving enough rubber around it to cover the top of the pipe and connect a hand tire pump to the valve. Fill the pipe with water (preferably hot), hold the rubber tightly over the pipe hole, while someone operates the tire pump, and in no time the pipe will be cleaned. One can exert considerable pressure with a tire pump in this way, the only trouble being the difficulty in holding the rubber down tight.—I.W.D.

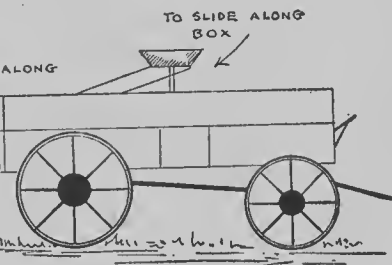
### Improved Hand Tongs

This design for hand tongs will be found very handy. They will cross over when closed and even small poles can be rolled around with them. The bolt holes are 2¼ inches centre to centre, the main arms are two inches wide and have a throat about a foot deep.



### For Filling Grain Box

This is a chute for putting grain into the drill from a wagon box or truck. You place it in position, fill the hopper and let the grain run down into the box. Then push it along until you have filled one half of the drill. The chute

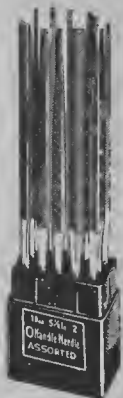


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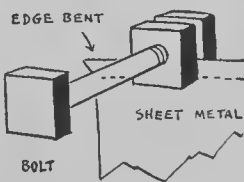
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### Turning Edge of Sheet Metal

A large bolt with two nuts facilitates the work of bending over the edge of a piece of sheet metal. The nuts are slightly farther apart than the thickness of the metal. The edge to be bent is started all along the edge of the sheet and will be started evenly. Then the job can be finished in the usual way with a hammer. There you have as neat an edge as you would wish.





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Professor J. Ross Cavers, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and formerly head of poultry work at the University of Manitoba, discusses fall and winter egg production at Manitoba's first Poultry Conference in Winnipeg last month.

**Keep the Poultry House Dry**

ONE problem to guard against is dampness in the poultry house in the winter. Many poultry keepers close up the ventilating systems in their pens as soon as the cold weather arrives, with the thought that it is necessary to maintain a relatively high temperature. This results in damp litter, dirty eggs and in extreme cases, moisture dripping from the ceilings and walls.

A flock of 100 birds will drink from four to five gallons of water per day. A good proportion of this is returned to the surrounding air by the exhaling of the birds. It becomes necessary then to remove this warm moisture-laden air if we are to keep the pen dry.

Chickens are well protected against the cold by means of their feathers, so do not hesitate to open the outlets in the pen. It is also necessary to have an inlet for the fresh air if the outlet is to function properly. By removing this damp air, the temperature in the pen will be a little lower, but the litter on the floor will remain dry for a longer period of time. Temperatures around freezing are not a hardship on the birds provided the air is not too heavily laden with moisture.

**Cull All The Time**

WITH the increased cost of feed, it is even more important that we maintain an efficient poultry flock. At this time of year, all the pullets should be in production. It will do no harm to remove the non-layers for they are consuming almost as much feed as the good producers. Contrary to common opinion, it is very simple to distinguish a non-layer from a layer. The two pubic or pin bones which are located on either side of the vent are very close together in the non-producer whereas they are about the width of three fingers apart in the bird which is laying. Also the distance between the two pubic bones and the end of the keel or breast bone is much greater in the layer—about the width of four fingers as compared with about two or three in the non-layer.

At the same time, it is suggested that the heavy, beefy type of bird also be removed. Experience has shown that these birds do not lay at a high rate of production. However, they do consume large quantities of feed and in return lay only two or three eggs a week.

Remember that over 60 per cent of the total feed intake is required for maintenance purposes alone and that a hen laying two or three eggs a week eats almost as much feed as one producing four or five eggs. Birds that are not in production by Christmas very seldom pay for their mash and grain.

**Keep Them Eating Mash**

IN order to maintain a high rate of production, it is necessary for the birds to eat a sufficient quantity of

mash. This is not a problem during most seasons of the year, but is often the cause of real concern in mid-winter. The cause of this slump is not always readily apparent, but it does appear to be related to the shortening of the days and the sudden dropping of the outside temperature. While it often seems that this slump is of sudden occurrence, the experienced poultryman will note the symptoms several days in advance. Usually before a break in production becomes evident, dry mash and water consumption will drop. This is usually followed in about three days by a decline in the rate of lay. For this reason alone, every poultryman should keep constant watch on the amount of water and dry mash consumed by his birds.

If a drop in consumption is noticed, then something must be done to stimulate the appetites of the birds. The supplementary feeding of a wet mash will do much to overcome these lagging appetites. For each 100 birds mix five to six pounds of dry mash with just sufficient warm water to give a crumbly consistency. Feed this wet mash in the grain troughs around noon. It will probably take a few days for the birds to become accustomed to this method of feeding. Once started, the wet mash feeding should be continued until the middle or latter part of March. At that time, gradually reduce the amount fed, allowing about 10 days to elapse before discontinuing. The dry mash should, of course, be in front of the birds at all times as this wet mash is only a supplementary feeding.

### Leg Weakness

AT this season of the year, it is usually noticed that there is an increase in the incidence of leg weakness. Until the cause is determined, no remedy can be suggested, because, unfortunately, the same symptoms may represent troubles that are in no way related.

One type of leg weakness is caused by nutritional deficiencies. If you notice any of your birds off their legs, check on your feeding program. A lack of calcium or vitamin D (fish oil) or a combination of both will result in this condition. In addition to a well-balanced diet of dry mash and whole grains, the birds should have access to a calcium-bearing grit. A small grit hopper is preferable to a large one. A small one needs filling about once a week and there is less chance of this grit becoming powdery. Dusty, powdery grit is not relished by chickens. There are on the market many calcium-bearing grits which are sold under various trade names. Oyster shells are also a good source of calcium. If it is necessary to add additional fish oil, half a pound (half pint) mixed with each 100 pounds of mash should be sufficient. Some prefer to feed the oil mixed in the scratch grain. In this case, 100 birds should receive about two to three tablespoonfuls each day.

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That's a question many a farm wife asks herself. She has the children to bring up, the house to manage, and her own special chores. These take all her time and energy. Loss of her husband would mean not only lasting sorrow, but without sufficient income to hire help . . . it might mean actual poverty as well.

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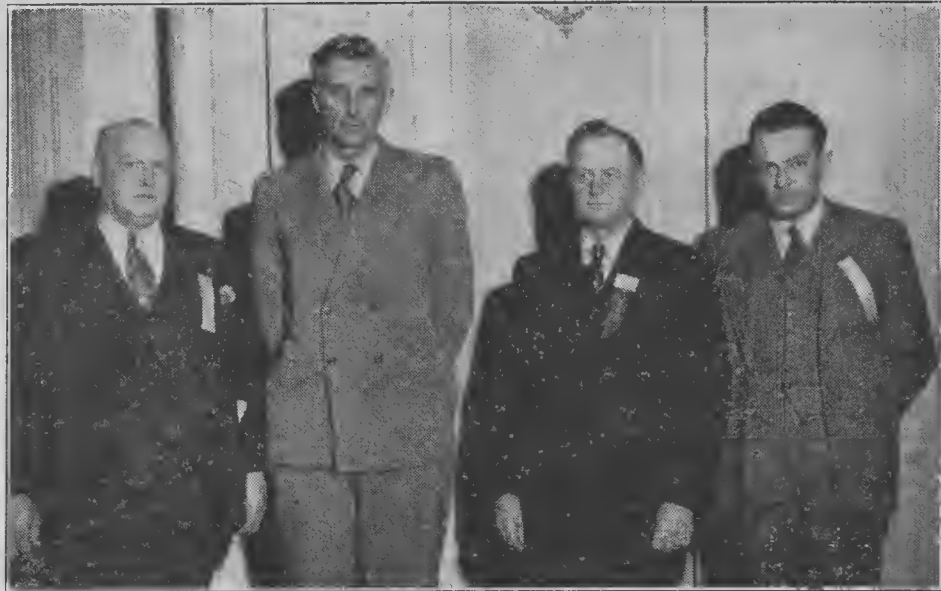
HEAD OFFICE  
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

MF-6

● This Feature is furnished monthly  
by United Grain Growers Limited

# Monthly

## U.G.G. 41st Annual Meeting Hears Satisfactory Report



J. D. MacFarlane, Aylsham, Sask.; J. L. Stevens, Morinville, Alta.; J. Harvey Lane, Huronville, Sask.; S. Loptson, Bredenbury, Sask., were elected Directors of United Grain Growers Limited at the 41st Annual Meeting.

The 41st annual meeting of United Grain Growers Limited, held in Winnipeg on November 12th and 13th, 1947, had presented to it by the President, Mr. R. S. Law, reports of a very satisfactory year. The financial results are most conveniently summed up by saying that earnings, after provision had been made for a patronage dividend of \$242,000 on grain deliveries for the year, were sufficient to pay the customary five per cent on the paid up capital stock, to an amount of \$154,648.25. The earned surplus account, which at the end of the previous year had stood at \$618,001.97, was carried forward in the sum of \$632,000.25.

Earnings for the year, after making provision for patronage dividend, had been \$863,743.59, to which was added the sum of \$74,842.94 covering profit arising from disposal of properties, to make a total of \$938,586.53. Various deductions from that, to a total of \$643,945.40, were made, including \$517,262.79 for depreciation on capital assets. The income subject to taxation was \$294,641.13 which, after deduction of estimated taxes on income amounting to \$115,000, left \$179,641.13 as a profit for the year.

Mr. Law's report described the past year as one of the most momentous in the business history of United Grain Growers Limited. It had been marked by the payment of cash patronage dividends to the amount of \$2,475,000, as a result of settlement of the long standing problem of the income tax status of patronage dividends, which was dealt with at length in the report.

The balance sheet showed that total current and working assets, including Dominion of Canada bonds to the amount of \$527,500, cash, accounts receivable and inventories amounted to \$6,569,769.19. Current liabilities, including nothing for bank loans, which had been completely paid off at the year end on July 31st, amounted to \$4,522,364.46, leaving the working capital at the substantial figure of \$2,047,404.53.

The cost of country and terminal elevators and other capital assets was shown at \$12,445,071.93, against which depreciation reserves of \$7,533,936.05 have been provided, so these assets are carried at a net book value of \$4,911,135.88. In this connection, it was shown by the report that during the past seven years a total of over \$2,500,000 has been spent on capital assets.

The bond issue, made up of three per cent serial bonds, had been reduced during the year by \$200,000 to the amount of \$1,800,000. It was pointed

out that bond interest for the past year had amounted to \$59,500, which is less than a quarter of the amount which had to be annually provided a number of years ago.

The paid up capital amounts to \$3,092,365 and, with the addition of reserves and surplus, the shareholders' equity is \$5,541,880.84.

The directors announced, and the meeting approved, plans to issue an additional 25,000 Class "A" five per cent shares, at par value of \$20.00 each, in order to provide \$500,000 capital for expansion and improvement of the Company's system. It was pointed out that the present capital stock had been subscribed and paid for by farmers more than 20 years ago, since which time no steps had been taken to obtain more capital. Now more capital is required to sustain a program of improvement and expansion and the Board consider it better to obtain this money from the farmers to be served than to rely upon borrowings. The report went on to say:

"When the offering is made, your Directors anticipate a ready response both from the present shareholders and from customers at points where new elevators have been established. Especially that will be the case among members whose present investment is limited to the holding of one \$5.00 membership share. Although, as a co-operative, this Company limits its rate of dividend to a modest five per cent, its shares are highly regarded by farmers as an investment. At the present time, in spite of disappointing results from the crop of 1947, there is probably in the hands of farmers a larger sum for investment than has ever before been the case."

An interesting feature of the meeting was a large map of western Canada, showing the location of the Company's 515 country elevators and the terminal elevators at Port Arthur, Ontario, and Vancouver, B.C. In addition, many hundred additional points were marked at which business is done with farmers in farm supplies or in insurance.

The three-year terms of four of the directors expired with this meeting. Mr. John Morrison, of Yellow Grass, Sask., who had been second vice-president, and who had been a member of the Board since 1912, announced his retirement. He was accorded a vote of appreciation for his long and faithful service. Two former directors were re-elected, J. L. Stevens of Morinville, Alta., and J. Harvey Lane of Huronville, Sask. Two new members were elected, Mr. S. Loptson of Bredenbury,



# Commentary

Sask., and Mr. J. D. MacFarlane of Aylsham, Sask.

The annual dinner of the Company was attended by over 500 persons who heard an inspiring address on educational matters from Dr. A. W. Trueman, president of the University of Manitoba.

Although a large proportion of delegates had not previously been at an annual meeting, those who had attended earlier meetings appeared to regard the 41st annual meeting as one of the most successful and satisfactory in the Company's long history.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, Mr. R. S. Law of Winnipeg, and Mr. J. E. Brownlee of Edmonton, were re-elected President and First Vice-President, respectively. Mr. J. Harvey Lane was elected Second Vice-President. With these, the executive committee is made up of Mr. E. E. Bayne of Winnipeg, and Mr. J. J. MacLellan of Purple Springs, Alta.

## Price Decontrol of Oats and Barley

The removal of price ceilings from oats and barley was discussed in the Annual Report of the Directors of United Grain Growers Limited in the following terms:

"Your Board wishes to record the following opinions which naturally arise from the duty of this Company to protect, as far as possible, the interests of western farmers who sell oats and barley.

"1. Price decontrol having been adopted by the government of Canada and ceilings removed from wages and from most goods and commodities, removal of price ceilings from oats and barley became inevitable. It would have been unjust to producers to continue ceilings on oats and barley and to force them alone, of all producers in Canada, to carry a burden either for subsidizing the livestock industry or for keeping down living costs, which burdens, to whatever extent necessary, should be at the general cost of the people of Canada. It is unfortunate that the action of October 21st was not taken earlier, before the new crop began to move. The delay has been unfair to many producers.

"2. As soon as practicable export of feed grains should be renewed and available markets in the United States should be developed. In so far as malting barley is concerned freedom of export should at once be allowed before the opportunity is permanently lost of building up a trade in such barley with the United States. To refuse to Canadian producers of malting barley access to that market is a sacrifice not only of their interests but of the general interest of Canada, at a time when increased exports to the United States are urgently needed to improve Canada's exchange position. The alcoholic beverage industries of Canada are getting, from the present situation, an unwarranted advantage at the expense of barley producers.

"3. Until prices in Canada for meat and for dairy and poultry products rise to levels commensurate with costs of feed grain, producers of such products may well require temporary assistance from the government for preservation of their industry. That could be given by restoration, for a time, of the subsidies which were formerly given to the purchasers of feed grains, and it might also be given in the way of price support for various products, particularly those which are exported under contract to Great Britain. Your Board, through the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, has already participated in

representations to the government to that effect. It has, however, given no support whatever to statements which have been made by others through the medium of the Federation, to the effect that ceilings should not have been removed or that they should be reimposed."

## United Grain Growers' Board Calls for Removal of Ceiling on Flaxseed

The following appears in the Annual Report of the United Grain Growers' Board of Directors:

"The price situation in connection with flax needs prompt correction. A ceiling has been maintained on the price of flax sold to Canadian processors, while there is no ceiling on their products. The ceiling should come off the price of flaxseed so processors will have to bid prices commensurate with the domestic and export prices of their products and so that the present level of prices in the United States may be reflected to the advantage of the prairie producer of flax."

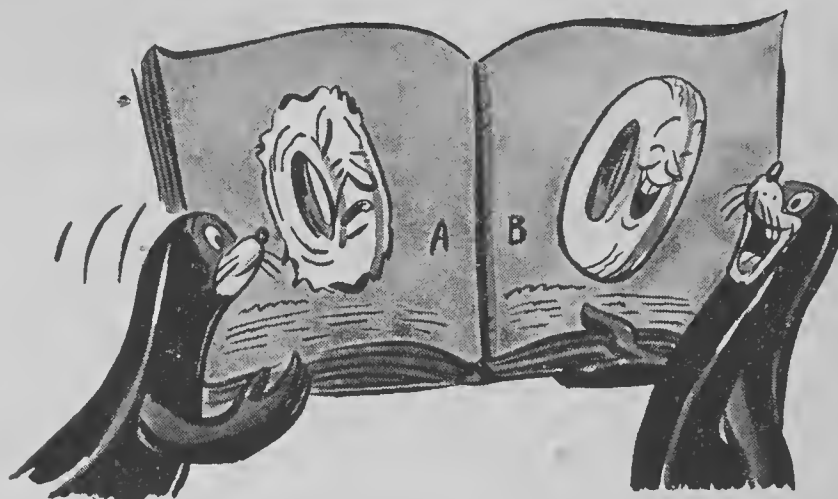
## British Wheat Agreement Discussed

The Annual Report of the United Grain Growers' Board of Directors discussed developments in government wheat policy during the past year, including the British undertaking to pay \$2.00 per bushel in 1948-49 and the prospective increase in the Wheat Board initial price basis of \$1.55. It pointed out that world-wide increases in wheat prices were resulting in reappraisal of the British wheat agreement and re-examination of the existing price guarantee. Under the heading "An Experimental Policy," the report went on to say:

"A year ago your Board pointed out that the wheat policy established, with two different levels of export price, could not be regarded as permanent but should be considered as temporary and experimental. Upon the results of that policy, during a four-year period, opinions would be formed and decisions reached as to future policy. It is still the case that no one can yet say what net advantage or disadvantage to western wheat producers will ultimately result.

"Your Board made it clear that neither this institution nor the Canadian Federation of Agriculture had been consulted in advance with respect to the British wheat agreement, and that this Company accepted no responsibility either for that wheat agreement or for the price guarantee. It is true that since the agreement was made certain organizations and individuals associated with the Canadian Federation of Agriculture have endorsed it. This Company has not done so, nor has the Federation as a body. In view of conflicting opinions which now prevail among western farmers, no present statement either endorsing or condemning the British agreement could be considered as an authoritative presentation on behalf of farmers. Your own Board would consider it undesirable, in view of that conflict of opinion, to attempt to formulate at this time any such statement. Moreover, it is clear that no satisfactory judgment with respect to the British wheat agreement can be arrived at for the present, or until its actual results are determined in the light of price conditions which may prevail until July 31st, 1950. Instead, the working out of the present policy calls for continuing study by producers, so that opinions can be arrived at with

Turn to page 24



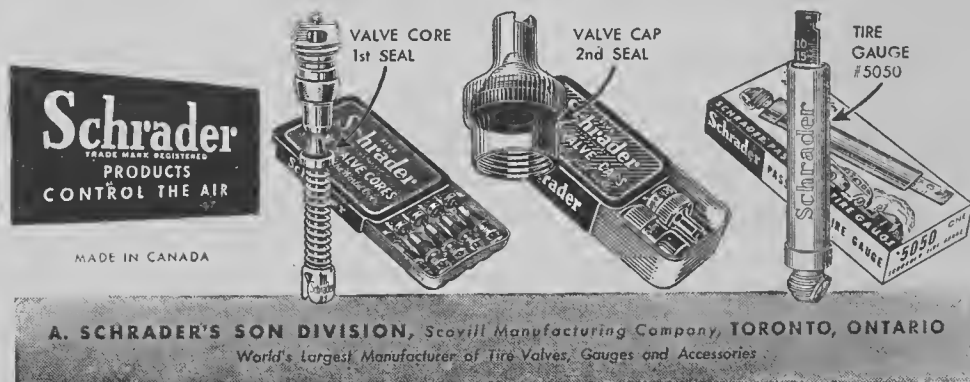
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Care made the difference! Underinflation—caused by infrequent gauging, worn valve core and missing valve cap—ruined tire "A." Tire "B" was gauged regularly, valve core replaced when worn—valve cap always kept on to seal the valve 100% air-tight under every driving condition.

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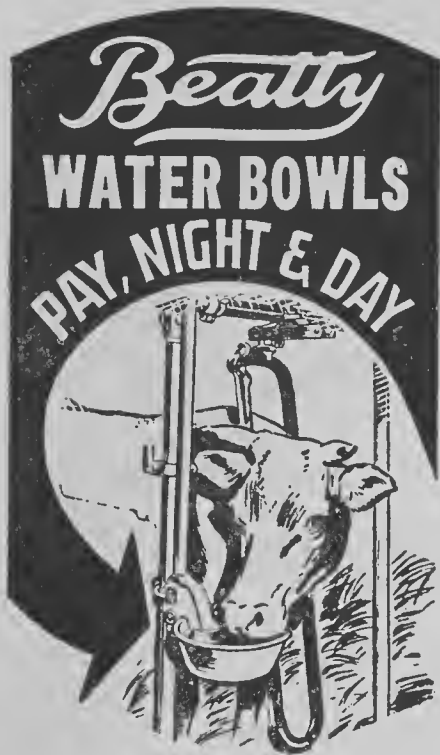
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Beatty Sanitary Water Bowls place water before the stock night and day, winter and summer — the stock make greater gains and make them more quickly. Water Bowls increase milk and beef production and shorten hours of work by watering stock automatically. Beatty water bowls pay for themselves within one year after they are installed.

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## NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of  
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

### New U.G.G. Elevator Opens

United Grain Growers' new elevator at this point is now open for business. It is a modern up-to-date elevator, built to give the best of service to the farmers in the district. The first customer to haul to the new elevator was Mr. A. Halland, of Torch River.—*Love, Sask.*

### Secretary U.G.G. Local Feted

A large crowd gathered at the Lange-mark school to bid farewell to the Tennyson brothers who are leaving the district. The evening was spent in community singing, games, and contests. Mrs. E. McCallum read the address and Mrs. Nielson and Mrs. Vance presented the guests of honor with travelling bags. Mr. A. C. Tennyson was secretary of the United Grain Growers Local at Adanac for 30 years.—*Adanac, Sask.*

### Free Honey

A year ago last summer some honey bees took up residence somewhere within the walls of the local U.G.G. agent's office. Since the bees had not been here very long he thought it best to furnish them free lodging for the winter, when perhaps they would reciprocate with honey for the next winter. The bees wintered over and were busy all summer, but when the time came to reap the harvest the expected honey could not be found. A chimney bracket proved to be the lucky cache and contained a little over 40 pounds of fine honey.—*Ardley, Alta.*

### Celebrates 50th Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Holder, M.L.A., who recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at the Vimy

hall were the recipients of many fine gifts from friends and neighbors. Mrs. Aberic Landry wrote and read the address and presented Mrs. Holder with a set of silverware. Mr. Louis St. Arnaud, master of ceremonies, presented Mr. Holder with an engraved gold wrist watch.

The couple first homesteaded at Vimy in 1922 coming here from Kingston, Ontario, County of Frontenac.

A large number were present at the gathering, of which the table of honor was set and lunch served by the ladies of the Vimy Services club.—*Vimy, Alta.*

### Annual Chicken Supper

The Annual Chicken Supper at Hazel Bluff, held under the auspices of ladies of the United Church, is always a real event in the life of this countryside. "The 38th annual event was another grand occasion," recalls L. H. Campbell, travelling superintendent of the U.G.G.

It has been our privilege to have attended practically all of these annual suppers. Having once upon a time been a homesteader in that district when the first one was held, it is easy to go back in memory and again visualize "the little church in the bush on the hill-top," with a dozen or so oxen teams tethered to the nearby trees. A lot of us then were just emerging from our 'teens, and almost painfully interested in the few young ladies of the settlement who were sure to be attending the "supper," dressed in their best gingham gowns.

### "Finders—Keepers?"

During the height of the busy season this fall the U.G.G. local agent's little daughter paid a visit to the elevator, and while there dropped a twenty-five cent piece down the pit. About two weeks later her dad, while cleaning the grain, came across the missing quarter. Whose is the quarter?—*Binscarth, Man.*

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY—Continued from page 23

respect to the future course of policy.

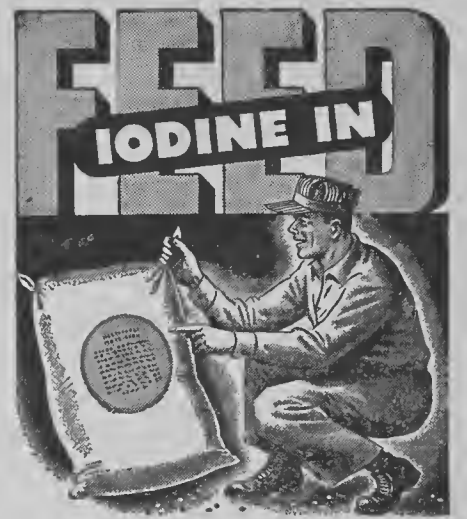
"In such study the relationship of the British agreement to the price guarantee of August, 1946, needs examination, while previous guarantees also should be brought into the account.

"Until September 29th, 1943, when the market was closed, the Wheat Board initial price basis, and consequently the minimum level guaranteed to farmers, was 90 cents per bushel and the market price had for some time been considerably higher. Farmers could deliver to the Wheat Board at any time on that basis or, if they chose, might sell their own wheat at higher prices when those were available. On September 23rd, 1943, the Wheat Board initial price basis was advanced to \$1.25 per bushel. At the same time limitations were imposed on the wheat income of producers. The first of these arose from the taking over by the government, for the purposes of government, all wheat stocks in Canada on the basis of the prevailing market price.

"For the crop year 1945-1946 the Wheat Board initial payment was continued at \$1.25 per bushel. In October, 1945, the government announced that the minimum price basis of \$1.00 per bushel would be guaranteed to producers until July 31st, 1950, this to apply to the four succeeding crops not yet seeded. Undoubtedly the guarantee at that time gave a sense of security to producers. It was accompanied, however, by announcement that a price ceiling of \$1.55 would be established on all sales of wheat for export, with domestic sales continued on the basis of \$1.25 per

bushel. Much higher prices prevailed outside of Canada for the remainder of the crop year and consequently wheat income of producers was considerably less than it would have been without the limitations and the accompanying price guarantee. Thus, whatever sense of security was provided in October, 1945, by the guarantee of \$1.00 per bushel, cost producers a good deal during the crop year 1945-1946.

"In August, 1946, the price guarantee was advanced to \$1.35 per bushel for a period of five years ending with July 31st, 1950. An increased sense of security was thereby given to producers. Whether or not that increased sense of security will also prove to have been dearly bought will depend upon the working out of the British wheat agreement which necessarily accompanied such a guarantee. The government of Canada would not have been able to give such a guarantee at that time had it not at the same time made a contract with Great Britain for the sale of 600 million bushels of wheat. That sale was made on a basis which protected the government from any possibility of loss with respect, at least, to that large quantity of wheat. If, as may happen, farmers get considerably less for their wheat than would have been the case had the British contract not been made, they will weigh the value of the assurance they got in August, 1946, against the ultimate cost of such assurance. If they later decide that the cost of the sense of security was greater than it is actually worth, they will bear that fact in mind when price guarantees for the future come under consideration."



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Prices: 4 oz. \$1.25; 20 oz. only \$5.00. RO-J2

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## DRY LAND TILLAGE

Continued from page 6

or cultivate early, then plow with either the moldboard plow five to six inches deep or with the disc plow six to seven inches deep, then disc or cultivate and possibly leave the land rough from the cultivator for the winter.

Today the disc plow has disappeared and the use of the moldboard plow is confined to areas where grass in the rotation needs to be plowed, or where weeds require plowing under for control.

THE cultivator, blade weeder, one-way disc, rod and cable weeders, drag harrows and now the one-way disc harrow, or discer, are the machines being used for tillage. Surface or shallow tillage has proven superior in weed control to deeper tillage. There is no reason in Saskatchewan for tillage deeper than five inches unless, in the

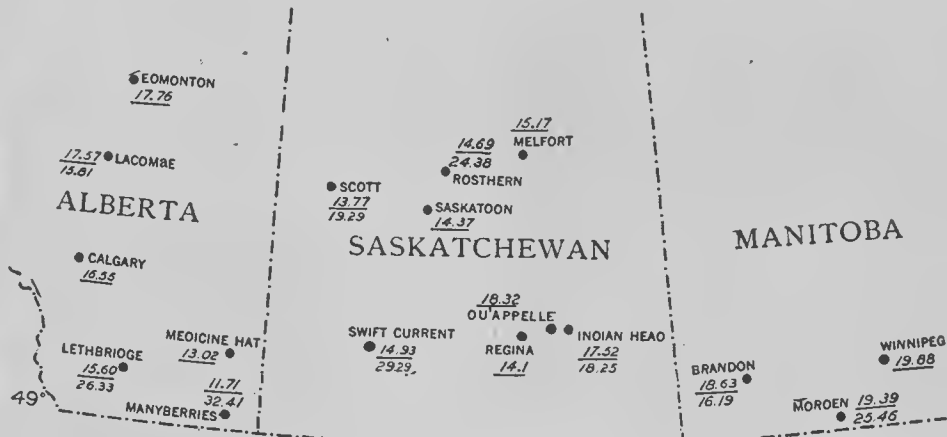
THE machine best suited for Saskatchewan seems to be the machine which will do a complete weed kill at shallow depth without excessive pulverizing, a machine which operates in heavy stubble without clogging and which leaves the stubble as a trash cover on the soil for protection from soil drifting and for moisture conservation. Such a machine may be a disc machine in some soils, or may be a blade, or cultivator type machine in others.

The need for timely tillage for weed control and the ability of our farm tractors to have wide machines operating at shallow depths, tends to suggest the widest machine which will do uniformly good work within the power range of the tractor or team, as the most economical unit for use.

It is much better to operate a wide machine at normal speeds, three to four miles per hour, than to pull narrower machines at high speed. The cost per acre is high at high speeds and the soil structure is broken down abnormally by the high degree of pulverization resulting from speed.

It is particularly important to have

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MAY TO SEPTEMBER



Precipitation and evaporation at prairie points where Dominion experimental farms and stations are located.

peat areas in the north, it is desirable to mix some of the subsoil with the peat.

Implements for subsoiling have been developed in countries where drainage is a problem and where the frost does not heave and open up the subsoil to greater depths than are worked by implements, or where a plow sole or hard pan develops. The plow sole or hard pan is actually an accumulation of salts and minerals from excessive rain and leaching until the soils are hard as stone. Soils in Saskatchewan become hard during dry periods in the summer, due to a shortage of moisture. They crack open to depths of three to four feet, particularly the clay soils producing crop. Such cracks act as normal reservoirs for water from the late summer and fall rainfall or from the winter snow. Research shows that there is no advantage in the use of subsoil tillage machinery.

Fuel requirements per acre based upon power provided by a modern rubber-tired tractor, have been established for various implements under average use, allowing for soil variations. The moldboard plow, going five inches deep at 3.7 miles per hour, will use from one to 1.1 gallons of fuel per acre, or a barrel of fuel for 40 to 45 acres. Driving 3.8 miles per hour and cutting four inches deep, the one-way disc will use from .75 to .9 gallons per acre, or one barrel for 50-60 acres. Similarly, a one-way disc harrow, operated at 4.6 miles per hour at a depth of 3½ inches will require .31 to .34 gallons per acre, or one barrel for each 130 to 144 acres. The average field cultivator at 3.5 miles per hour, and operated four inches deep, requires .33 to .375 gallons per acre, or one barrel of fuel for 120 to 130 acres; and a single disc harrow at the same speed and cutting 2½ inches deep, utilizes .3 to .33 gallons per acre, and will do 135 to 150 acres per barrel of fuel.

ample power and machine capacity so that weeds can be controlled most effectively with minimum moisture loss. Clean, shallow tillage at the right time, leaving a heavy trash cover on top, will conserve the most moisture for crop production and will be an important factor in reducing the cost of production.

### U.S. Farm Land Prices

PRICES of farm land in the United States increased 95 per cent over the 1935-39 average up to July 1 this year, and were only five per cent below the peak of inflation in 1920. In 28 of the 48 States, farm land prices were equal to or above 1920 prices.

Although the increase in farm land prices was halted during the first six months of 1947 over the United States as a whole, land values in the middle west wheat belt and in the range livestock area rose about five per cent between February and July this year.

High prices for U.S. wheat are causing concern among soil conservationists who note the thousands of acres of potential wheat land in the famous "dust bowl" of the '30's being broken up and seeded to wheat. It is feared that this greedy "suitcase" farming is hastening the day of another similar period when hundreds of millions of dollars worth of valuable soil fertility will be blown to the four winds and many thousands of farmers will find it necessary to trek to more favored regions.

In the prairie provinces, too, more land has been broken this year than for many years, altogether aside from the large land-clearing programs sponsored by provincial governments. Fortunately, however, Canadian prairie farmers in the brown soil zone seemed to have learned the lessons of the '30's better than farmers similarly located in the U.S.

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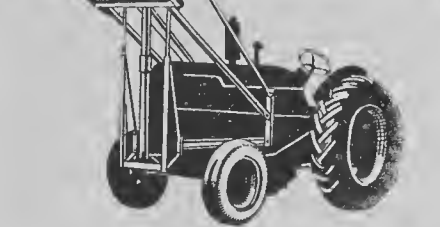
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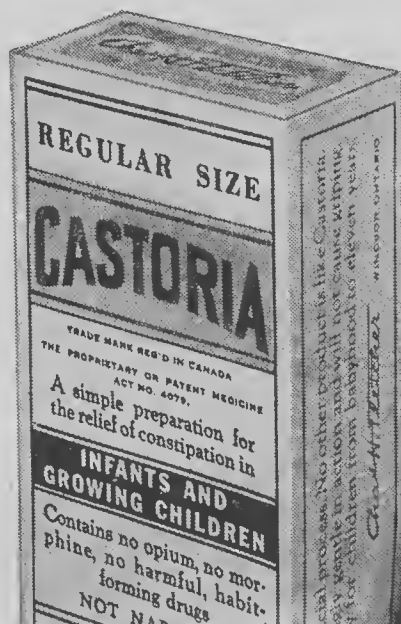
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## THE BURNING BUSH

Continued from page 7

oil cans and vacuums and concrete floors, and there wouldn't be any hay to make a baby's bed nor any soft-eyed cows to fall on their knees nor any little gray donkey nor any bird on the sill. . . .

After a while she stopped running. Her legs were giving out. The hard, low light in the west was gone. The wind sweeping up against the sky had brushed it clear. The stars burned in a blackness that was like a sable canopy.

The tears were freezing on her cheeks. She tried to get at her handkerchief. She held the baby on her left arm while she fumbled with her right hand in the pocket of her coat. The handkerchief came out at last and brought with it her best pink powder puff. The powder puff fell to the ground. She couldn't stoop to pick it up. If she did it might awake the baby. So she let it lie where it had fallen, like the petal of an enormous rose.

It had begun to snow. Oh, there must be a house somewhere! As she turned this way and that, seeking a sign of habitation, a light suddenly jumped out at her. Up the hill it winked at her like a jovial eye inviting her to adventure.

She climbed the hill by means of rough stone steps which led to a flagged walk. It was so dark she could not see the house, but she was guided by that winking light to the front door where she sank on the steps, out of breath, pierced by the bitter cold.

IT would be warm in the house. She felt for the bell, pushed it and the sound of its whirring came faintly to her ears. The moments passed but no one opened the door. At last she knocked, knocked again, beating hard and harder. Perhaps they were deaf . . . perhaps they were asleep . . . perhaps they were out!

Well, if they were out and the door was locked Pyramus would find her on the doorstep, dead! There came again an intriguing vision of herself and the baby blanketed with snow, like the Babes in the Wood—and Pyramus bending down to them. . . .

She shuddered away from that. The baby mustn't die. Once more she beat with bruised hand on the unyielding boards. Then she reached for the knob, turned it. The door swung back. It had been left unlocked; the warmth rushed out at her!

She said, going in, "I'm sorry . . . but you didn't hear the bell. . . ."

She found there was no one to listen but a fat black cat that was sitting by a fat black stove. There was, indeed, nothing alive in the house but the black cat and a canary in a cage. The canary was round as an orange, with his head under his wing. He did not wake when Thisbe entered, but the cat got up and stretched and yawned and sat down again.

The room seemed to be a sitting-room although there was a bed in it. Besides the bed there were some cushiony chairs and a small table with a leaf up and set for one with blue china. The bed was back in a corner. It was a pineapple four-poster and it was covered with a quilt that had pink rising suns on it, the kind that our great-grandmothers made with infinitesimal stitches.

Thisbe, approaching the bed in its shadowy corner, was sure that the mattress was made of feathers. If she could lie down on it she would hug the baby close to her heart and sleep for a thousand years!

The bed was so high she had to stand on a stool to get into it. She didn't undress. She simply dropped her fur coat on a chair, pulled off her galoshes, kicked her slippers under the bed, released the baby from the folds of the pink blanket and crawled in beside him under the sun-rising quilt.

The warmth was heavenly. She and the baby sank down among the feathers until there was just the hint of a hump. Sleepiness swept over her in waves. It was like taking ether at the hospital.

She was aware that the black cat had jumped on the bed and was curled up at her feet. She was aware too of the cat's song. . . .

It was like coming out of ether to hear the bell whirring through the house and not care who answered, to hear a knock at the door and not be curious as to who was knocking.

Then someone tried the knob and a voice said, "I am sorry to disturb you. But I am looking for my wife. . . ."

Thisbe had drawn the pink sun-rising quilt up over her face so that there was just a peephole for one eye.

The black cat moved. Thisbe held herself very still. If Pyramus should see the little hump in the bed. . . .

The cat saved the situation by jumping down and brushing against Pyramus' legs. He picked it up and smoothed its head; "Isn't anyone at home, puss-cat?"

At the sound of his voice the bird in the cage waked. It began a sharp chirping. Thisbe's heart stopped beating. . . . *What if the baby waked and cried?*

But the baby did not wake, though Pyramus tarried and took off his fur gloves and held his hands to the fire and lighted a cigarette and held it in his long, thin fingers—those adorable fingers. Thisbe remembered the first touch of them against her cheek.

She wondered what the owners of the house would think if they should come in and find him smoking. They might take him for a thief, and . . . *what if the man of the house had a gun!*

She wanted to shriek, "Go away, go away; nobody must find you!"

She did not stop to think what would happen if she was found in somebody else's bed, like Goldilocks with the three bears!

Well, he went before anything happened, but not before he had opened the door and called into the night, "Thisbe, Thisbe. . . !"

Her heart cried out to him but her lips made no sound. If she answered Pyramus she would have to go back with him. And she couldn't go back. There was no room for her and for the baby in his mother's great house.

So she let him go. And after he had gone the snow fluttered against the windowpanes soft as the wings of butterflies. The cat came again to the



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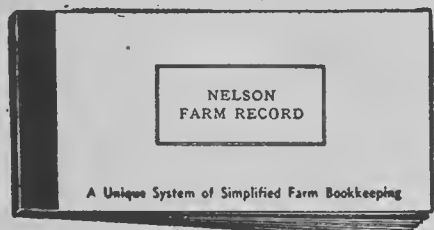
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foot of the bed and sang himself to sleep. The bird tucked his head under his wing; the baby slumbered on. The blood which had pounded in Thisbe's veins when she had heard her lover's voice flowed less tumultuously. Once more waves of warmth engulfed her and she sank into unconsciousness.

IT seemed hours after that she was once more aware of someone in the room. This time a woman. She was tall, but not tall and thin like Pyramus. She was tall and fat. When she had taken off her coat and hat she showed herself a rather fine figure in a gray skirt and a pepper-and-salt sweater, and with gray hair.

With the entrance of the woman, everything in the room seemed to come to life. The cat jumped down, the bird began to sing and the fire to crackle; even the wind blowing outside had a sociable sound as if it wanted to come in and be cozy and comfortable with the rest of them.

The woman talked to the bird and talked to the cat. "Did you think I would never get here? Well, my car broke down. I had to fix it. My hands are half frozen."

She held out her hands to the fire. "I've brought you a Christmas present, Tommy," she said to the cat. "I'm going to hang it on the tree."

*Christmas!*

The word seemed to shout itself in Thisbe's ear. She had forgotten that it was Christmas Eve. It seemed uncounted centuries since Pyramus had stood by her bed and had told her of the great tree below in the ballroom and of how he hoped she might come down, and of the guests who would dine with them, and of the presents there would be for everybody.

Perhaps even now they were dining and nobody had been told that Anne Elizabeth had run away. Or if they had been told, the whole thing would be blamed on Anne Elizabeth.

The gray woman opened the front door and brought in a snow-powdered balsam bush. Its foot was set in a wooden standard so that it stood steady when she set it on the broad sill of the window. It was not very tall but it was peaked at the top, with spreading branches, and presently in the warmth it began to give out aromatic odors.

The woman asked her cat, "Are you hungry? Well, so am I. We'll have supper in a second."

With that Tommy the cat and his mistress ramped out to the kitchen. At least Tommy ramped, with his tail like an interrogation point. Thisbe could hear him beyond the door, mewing inquiringly, while the voice of the gray woman expostulated, "If you don't get from under my feet I'll never have things ready."

Thisbe could hear too, the rattling of paper as the bundles were opened. There was the clatter of iron skillets and in due time the air was filled with the delectable fragrances of broiling chops, of toasting bread and of boiling chocolate.

Thisbe sat up. She had a reckless feeling that she didn't care if she was discovered. She was as hungry as the cat. She had had no dinner and her lunch had been light. The thing she wanted more than anything else in the whole wide world was food.

Yet to reveal herself and ask for her supper? The gray woman might turn her out. Runaway women with babies in their arms were not always welcome.

Yet the thing was excruciating! To whiff the fragrances which were not for her. Thisbe adored chocolate. She had always adored it, and Pyramus had loved to see her drinking it and wearing the lace cap with the blue rosettes, and the blue silk bed jacket which was the first thing he had bought her.

They had stayed at a marvelous place in Paris and she had had delicate

little pastries with her chocolate, and Pyramus had hung over her as if she were something too precious to be real . . . and now she was homeless . . . hungry . . . wondering if she dared ask for her supper.

Well, why not? A woman who was kind to a cat wouldn't turn a baby out in the cold. For the first time since she had overheard Pyramus' conversation with his mother, the baby appeared to Thisbe as an asset. In this moment of need he might prove an advocate.

Yet to meet the amazed eyes of the gray woman! To say in effect, "My child is cold and starving!" It savored too much of the old melodramas.

As a matter of fact, the baby wasn't starving. It was exceedingly well fed, and as for herself she had worn under the sable coat a velvet frock with silver ribbons. It was the warmest thing she had and the slippers which she had kicked under the bed had silver buckles. And the resulting effect was that she looked like a million dollars and not in the least like a soul in distress.

Thisbe decided that the baby must speak for her. She threw back the sun-rising quilt, climbed down from the bed, picked up her child, and with an eye on the half-shut door of the kitchen behind which the gray woman was busy with her culinary preparations, darted toward the stove and laid the baby down in a nest of pink blanket. Then drawing back among the shadows she watched, as once upon a time his mother had watched the infant Moses. The words of the old song jiggled in her mind, "Pharaoh's daughter on the bank . . . Moses in the pool." How she had loved to sing it years ago with Pyramus and his college mates before she was married.

Oh, why were her thoughts so shallow? This was a serious moment. What would happen if the gray woman was not so kind to babies as she was to cats? Would she turn them out from her snug little house, to go on and on in the bitter night?

THE gray woman came presently, carrying a blue chocolate pot. The cat followed her and they approached the stove.

And there on the hearthstone Pharaoh's daughter stopped still and stood staring down at the baby.

He was awake. His watching mother could see his small fists waving above his blanket. They were such tiny fists.

The gray woman set the blue pot carefully on the stove and bent down to the child. "Who brought you?" she demanded.

Thisbe dared not answer. Her throat was dry. The gray woman straightened up and flung her voice toward the shadows about the bed. "Is anyone here? Is anyone hiding?"

Out of the shadows came Thisbe, her silver buckles twinkling, her blonde head shining, her velvet frock showing a slender length of gray silk stocking.

"That's my baby," she said. "I thought if you saw him first you might not turn us out."

The gray woman gazed upon her with an air of astonishment. "You look like a baby yourself."

"I am really quite old—twenty-three," said Thisbe succinctly.

"What happened?" the gray woman interrogated. "Did your car break down? And where were you when I came in?"

"We were in bed. I was dead for sleep. I didn't stop to take off my clothes." She paused for a moment to increase the dramatic effect. "I didn't come in a car. I brought the baby in my arms. I am . . . running away!"

"Running away?"

Thisbe nodded. "From my husband." The gray woman opened her lips and shut them. But her eyes asked questions.

Thisbe answered them. "I . . . was on my way to the railroad station. I . . . I

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didn't think when I started how far it was. And it was so . . . cold . . . and I couldn't walk any more . . . and then I saw the light in your window and I opened the door . . . and there was the bed . . . and I was so tired! I didn't think until afterward that I was trespassing. . . ."

"You are not trespassing," the gray woman told her; "I am glad to have company, and to help you if I can."

Thisbe went on explaining: "I have an aunt in the city. If I could stay here for the night I could go to her the first thing in the morning."

"Of course you'll stay. I wouldn't turn out a cat in this storm. And now you'd better sit down and have supper with me. There's plenty for both. I'll get another cup and plate."

She went into the kitchen and returned with the extra china, the chops and toast and a dish of baked potatoes. "I put the potatoes in the oven before I went out," she told Thisbe, "they're done just to a turn. They are such big ones they didn't spoil in spite of the long wait."

Thisbe was possessed by a feeling that the whole thing was fantastic—like a play she and Pyramus had seen years ago—"Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil." So much had happened While the Potatoes Baked. How amusing it would be to tell Pyramus . . . but then, she was never again going to tell Pyramus *anything*!

The chops! The toast! The chocolate! "I am ashamed of my appetite," said Thisbe when it was all over.

"I wouldn't have believed," the gray woman told her, "from the looks of you that you lived on anything more than the wing of a chicken."

"Well, of course," Thisbe had an air of apology, "in these days there's the baby."

"You don't mean," said the gray woman, "that you are *not* bringing it up on a bottle?"

"Of course not."

"Thank God," said the gray woman, "you have some sense if you are pretty."

"I am not half as pretty as I was when Pyramus fell in love with me."

"Pyramus?"

"My husband. That's not his real name. It's a romance-name."

The gray woman nodded. "I know. And he calls you 'Thisbe'. Once upon a time I played that game with my husband."

It seemed to Thisbe incredible that the gray woman should ever have spoken the language of lovers. But of course, years ago, when she wasn't stout . . . and her knuckles weren't knobby. . . .

Thisbe had the baby now in her arms. She had given him his supper and he was sound asleep. She said, "I suppose I ought to tell you why I ran away."

She told, and the gray woman said, "My dear, that's no reason to leave a man."

"Why not?"

"You can't run away from life."

"I couldn't stay where I wasn't wanted. It was like Mary. . . . 'When she came to the inn it was crowded, and there was no room for the Child.'"

The gray woman's voice was sharp, "Stop being sorry for yourself."

Thisbe sobbed on.

"You haven't suffered enough," the gray woman said, "to be sorry for yourself. Do you think that when Mary held her little Son in her arms she cared if the inn was crowded? It was only when she lost Him that her heart—broke."

The last words came in an agony of tears and Thisbe whispered, "Have you . . . lost a son?"

"He died long ago—in the war."

They talked for a long time after that. The gray woman felt that Thisbe should go back to her husband. "You can't have 'em perfect. It's best to push 'em and prod 'em."

"I don't want to push him and prod him." Thisbe's voice was on the ragged edge. "I don't want anything except to go to bed."

The gray woman reached out a kind hand. "You mustn't think I don't sympathize. Only life has had such hard things for us women that it's well to know we're not having the worst. You sleep on it, my dear." She rose: "I'll put you in the big bed, and the baby in a basket by the fire. I'll take the bed in the room beyond. I'll give you some night things and a warm dressing gown. It grows cold when the fire dies, and I'll have a hot-water bag for the baby."

Thisbe, lying snug under the pink sun-rising quilt, watched the gray woman cover the bird and carry the black cat to his basket in the kitchen and bend down for a last look at the baby, and it was not until she had said "Goodnight" that Thisbe remembered one thing had been left undone. The Christmas bush in the window had not been trimmed.

**I**N spite of her weariness she lay awake for a long time, and when the clock struck twelve she was still awake, but she was never quite sure of the hour or the moment when the three men entered and she saw their shadows on the ceiling.

They were tall shadows, like Pyramus' shadow, and they crossed and recrossed as Thisbe stared up at them startled. And at last, with her heart beating madly, she raised herself on her elbow and looked.

Her fear fled as she saw that the three men were kneeling about the sleeping baby. They had gifts in their hands . . . jewels that glittered . . . and gold that glimmered . . . and jars that gave out fragrances. She knew at once who the men were. She had seen them a thousand times on the paintings by the old masters when she and Pyramus had made the rounds of the great galleries in France and Spain and Italy.

One of the men was old and white, and one of them was young and dark, and the third was neither young nor old, but at the time of a vigorous maturity, with his hair like copper and his skin like bronze. They all wore splendid robes, richly colored, and when they spoke their voices seemed to come from far away, with a deep sound like the beat of bells.

And the young man was saying: "The tree is not trimmed."

And the old man said: "Of what avail are gifts, when his mother has robbed him of that which is more precious than myrrh or frankincense or gold?"

And the man who was neither young nor old said: "Yea, she has robbed him of a father!"

They rose then to their feet and again their shadows wavered and crossed on the ceiling as they busied themselves about the Christmas bush. And suddenly the tree began to burn with a sacred fire, and every branch was tipped with a star, and at the very top was a small and shining cross.

And one of the voices which was like the beat of bells said: "The cross is for the mother. When she wears it, she will know what she has to do."

After that the bush seemed to grow bright and brighter, and the rest of the room grew darker and darker, and in that darkness the figures of the three men were swallowed up and after a while, though she heard no sound of their passing, Thisbe knew that they were gone.

She waited for a long time before she crept out of bed and approached the burning bush. She felt no heat from it. There was only an incandescent glow that almost blinded her eyes. She reached for the cross and hung it about her neck, and for the first time since she had run away from Pyramus her heart was warm.

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She found herself after that out in the wild night with the baby in her arms. She had left behind her all the things that gleamed and the things that glittered. She had left behind the safety and shelter of the snug house. She knew what she had to do. She was not a thief. She had to take the baby back!

The wind buffeted and beat her. But she did not feel the cold. The cross above her heart still gave out that strange warmth which wrapped her about like a blanket.

She came at last to the great house where she had lived with Pyramus. It was lighted up, all of its windows gleaming, and between the parted curtains she could see crowds of people passing back and forth through the big rooms.

She ascended the steps to the front door and rang the bell. No one came. She beat the knocker and there was no answer. She went at last to one of the windows and tapped. The people inside looked toward her but did not seem to see her.

Again she returned to the great door and rang the bell and beat upon the panel. At last it gave way, but when she tried to enter the crowd within pressed forward and cried: "There's no room. There's no room for you and the baby."

"I want Pyramus," she told them. "You needn't let me in, only let me see my husband."

But Pyramus was not there. Although there was Pyramus' mother with her pearls and her pompadour and her pointed nose, and she was saying, "You can't come in. The place is crowded."

Once more the door was shut and Thisbe fell back crying, "I want Pyramus. I want my husband..." but no one answered, and at last she was alone with the baby in the wild night, calling "Pyramus... Pyramus...!"

And then she heard him saying, "My darling, I am here."

His arms were about her. She was aware of the softness of his fur coat, the fresh coldness of his cheek against hers.

She clung to him. "They wouldn't let me in."

"Who wouldn't?"

"The people in the house."

A moment's silence, then, "My darling... you aren't awake! Thisbe... Thisbe!"

OPENING wide her eyes, she found that he was sitting on the edge of the pineapple bed, and that he had picked her up and wrapped her in the pink sun-rising quilt. And there was the smell of coffee boiling, the trill of the song of a bird...

She whispered, "How did you know I was here?"

"I found your powder puff in the road, last night, and I came in and called; but no one answered. So I went away and wandered until morning. And then I came back, because I knew you must have passed, and I knocked, and a woman opened the door... and let me in."

"I heard you call last night."

"And you didn't answer? How you must hate me."

And Thisbe whispered, "I don't hate you. I love you. And I had no right to rob you of the baby."

Pyramus' eyes as he looked down at her had an awakened look in them.

"You had a right to rob me," he said. "You had a right to run away. When I read your note I knew that I had been a cad and a coward. I had tried to please you and I had tried to please mother. And all the time I should have been honest with myself. I should have known that a man who dares to have a child must work for it. I thought romance could be enough for you and me, but it isn't enough without a roof to cover our heads, and the roof must be of my own building."

"Last night I told my mother that I would never take another penny. I told her that if I could not paint I would plow. She laughed and kissed me and said I would come back. But I shall not go back."

He laid Thisbe again among her pillows and began to walk the floor, speaking in the impassioned poetic way of his that won her heart.

"Dearest, I am going to paint a great picture. I shall paint the things I saw last night when I opened the door of this little house. There will be this wide bed and the quilt with the pink suns, and a black cat curled up and the glow from the black stove. And I shall paint it so that all the people in the world will want peace and purring cats and little houses. I shall paint with all the talent that was born in me when my mother bore me, and by all the strength that was born in me last night when I thought I had lost you."

Pyramus the poet, striking a new note on his lyre! Perhaps these things might come to pass. Perhaps not. But whatever happened, Thisbe would always know his wistful dream for her.

"And when I sell the picture," he bent his tall figure to sweep her into his arms, "when I sell the picture I shall buy a house like this... and we'll live happy ever after!"

The gray woman coming in said, "A Merry Christmas."

Pyramus put his hands on her shoulders. "May we stay with you until I make a home for her?"

And the gray woman looking up at him said, "Yes. My own son never brought a wife to me. My Christmas will be less lonely because of you and the child."

She took him off after that with her to the kitchen, where the baby in his basket was watched over by the black cat. And Thisbe, left alone, dressed herself in the velvet frock and the silver slippers, and tied on a great white apron, so that she might begin at once to look like the mistress of a little house.

But before she went to join the others she stood for a moment beside the Christmas bush which had burned in the night with a sacred fire. And she put her hand to her neck where she had hung the cross. It was no longer there, but she found that her heart was still warm. It was so warm indeed that no coldness was left for anybody, not even for Pyramus' mother.

So she said to Pyramus when he came to look for her, "A son must not be separated from his mother. I should die if some day a wife took my son from me."

"Our son."

"I want your mother to come some day to our little house."

And Pyramus kissed her and said, "You are an angel."

But she knew she was not an angel. She was just a woman. And she knew too that in the night just passed she had learned many things; that one may run far, but one can never run away from life; that one must never rob a child of its father; and that if one wears a cross, one's heart will be warm always toward the world.



"Gosh, Ma, you were supposed to use the brush."

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## GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING

Continued from page 9

with or without license to practice. It seemed that when Mrs. Palmer had leaped from her bed the other morning with intent to kill she had thrown something out—"perhaps the devil," said Mr. Greenway hopefully. "Sacro-iliac," said Mrs. Evans—and this had brought on the lumbago.

Ross and the fire brigade were having another try at the wild mares in the corral.

Ken saddled Flicka and went for a ride. He rode out on the familiar road along the eastern ridge of the little valley west of town, then crossed it to the western side. No reason, any more, for avoiding that river bottom. The life had gone out of it. No more quietly browsing mares, no little dancing foals thrusting their pinhead hoofs into the soft loam.

The western ridge was unfamiliar to him. It was higher than the eastern and it was heavily timbered. He explored it until he was dripping with perspiration. Looking for water, he traced back one of the rivulets which fed the Spindle River and came upon one of those little pools, quite deep, perfectly transparent, fringed with grass and ferns and rocks which are often found half-hidden at the base of wooded mountains.

He dismounted, stripped and bathed.

The pool was fed by springs and very cold. Standing in it, the water, at its deepest, reached just to his neck. Looking down through the translucent brown color, he saw his white body, oddly foreshortened. Motionless, he watched the ripples die and the water grow quiet. A school of trout darted past him, stopped, turned with little flips of their muscular bodies, seemed to look at him, then darted on again. Three blue dragon-flies played over the pool, now and then pausing, their gossamer wings like tiny oars lifted over fairy craft, supporting them on the glassy surface. The air was drenched with the perfume of sun-warmed pine needles, of wild strawberries and of the fresh spring water.

It was deliciously cooling. Underfoot was firm sand. He trod water, went over backwards and floated. This was doing something to him, washing him of the fever and grief of yesterday. He had gone through the actions of last night without allowing himself to think or question. He had obeyed his father. He knew it was right. He had tried to do it all in a trance. But now he allowed his feeling about it to well up and overflow; his terrible acquiescence, the tension of those minutes when he held the halter in his hands, the agony of that walk toward the corpse. For that one endless minute he had believed Thunderhead dead. Now he was washing it all out of himself.

Parts of the pool were in sunshine. He paddled until his face caught the warm light and floated, smiling to himself, more and more washed and clean, more and more filled with strength and confidence and happiness. Carey. Thunderhead. His little "freemate" . . . his big stallion . . . what riches. He was not very close to either of them just now, perhaps parted for a long time, but they were there, alive, part of his life, part of his very self. His mind went off on a sudden, long journey with Carey. All that must happen, the time that must pass, before Carey was his wife and they could begin choosing names for those children. . . .

He got out of the pool and lay basking in the sun until he was dry, then dressed himself. It seemed to him he

would like a smoke. It was hard to have to wait until he was eighteen—nine more months; it was time he smoked. Where had he put his boots? He had set them on a nearby rock. He reached for them. One fell off the rock and he had to stand up to get it. Leaning over, he paused. Near the boot was a mark on the ground, a circle. It was shaped like a horse's hoof . . . it was a horse's hoof . . . big as a bucket . . . Pete's hoofprint. No horse but Pete had a hoof like that. . . .

Ken's heart leaped. Jewel? . . . He stood up straight, his mind going in big happy swoops. If Pete had been travelling along with Thunderhead's band, not right in it but on an outside ring as Ishmael had, why not Jewel, too? Excitedly he bent his head, searching for more hoofprints. He found plenty of them. Pete's and the prints of a smaller, an average size horse. He did not know Jewel's hoofs. He could not tell. They were about the size of Flicka's—like Flicka's. Were they Flicka's? She had been to the pool to drink, she had wandered over the banks. But no—they were not exactly the same as Flicka's. They were smaller, more rounded.

"Plain as day!" he suddenly yelled, hastily pulled on his boots, mounted Flicka and put her on the trail. The marks were conspicuous in the soft loam of the mountainside. Now he was sure. Two horses had travelled this way, one was Pete, the other a tall horse with long legs and small hoofs. Where these two had pushed through the bush, weaving in and out among the largest trees, they had made a sort of path which Ken and Flicka easily followed.

It was nearly noon when he came out upon a clearing, high on a shoulder of the ridge. Beyond it the path dropped off into space. Ken reined Flicka in, leaned over, his eyes sweeping the ground.

The gravelly floor of this little clearing was stamped all over with hoofprints, the big ones, the smaller ones. Had more horses been here than the two? Or, for some reason, had those two remained here a long time, milling around? If they had, why? What had held them here?

He thought he heard a faint shout. He would have disbelieved his senses had not Flicka turned her head and pricked up her ears. Ken pushed her forward across the little clearing to the outer edge where the scrub was shoulder high. Flicka put her head over it and Ken leaned above her.

Way below him, and it seemed far away, was a scene set for him as if on a stage. This clearing where he was, way up on the mountainside, was like a seat in the top gallery of the opera. The scene was the corral where, yesterday, the mares had been caught and later broken. Today it was the same setting and a similar scene. Even as he watched he saw the corral gates flung open and a team of broncs, harnessed to a light wagon, come out at a gallop. Probably that crazy Ross trying to break a pair of broncs with a wagon and a W. Little black specks ran around, closing corral gates, getting out of the way of the plunging team.



"I suppose you can't finish it because of the shortage of building materials!"

It was fascinating to stand here and watch. When the wind came in his direction he could hear the shouts and laughter and Ross's high yells as he urged the team forward. Progressing in great leaps like a pair of kangaroos they were headed for what seemed inevitable destruction by collision with a pinnacle of rock. Pulled around at the last moment by the dead weight of Ross on the reins they went leaping in another direction and here a group of immense trees blocked their way. This time there was no stopping them. Ross drew their heads clear around to one side and still they went plunging on. Suddenly both horses crashed to the earth. Ross had pulled the W and thrown them. They fought to their feet again, stood on their hind legs, then sprang forward in a gallop down the valley, the light wagon bouncing behind them.

Ken began to laugh. Watching Flicka's intense interest in this scene, her alertly held head, the sharply pricked ears, the way she would suddenly move, prance a little, give an excited grunt or whinny as if saying "I do declare!" he could know just how Pete had stood here with Jewel yesterday, seeing all that had happened, turning to look at each other in amazement like two human beings who would nudge each other and say "Can you beat that?"

He dropped the reins on Flicka's neck. In her excitement she pranced around the clearing, inspecting every part of it, then came back to her ringside position and again watched what was going on in the valley below. Just so had Pete and Jewel pranced around, covering this clearing with their footprints. Where did they lead? Brush surrounded the place. Had they gone back down the path up which they had come? Ken dismounted and made a careful search. He found the trail leading out from the clearing around the shoulder of the mountain. For a little way the tracks were upon shelving soil, then they leaped a gulch, went up a wooded incline on the opposite side and turned another shoulder.

Ken stood still, catching his breath. Hills, peaks, mountains—an endless wilderness of them, reaching farther and farther, higher and higher until they soared up to the Continental Divide with its many ranges, its vast snow fields.

Ken felt as if he had been dropped into the middle of them. Loneliness, like a cold wind, blew upon him.

It was late that night before Ken and his father went up to the room they shared, Ken more silent than usual because the thoughts and emotions that surged within him were conflicting; one silenced the other. He had led his father and Mr. Greenway and Collins out to inspect the tracks on the mountainside, and the little town buzzed with the results of that inspection. The English filly was not dead; she had run off with Pete. Ken was undoubtedly a hero, but—he had not seen Carey again.

Rob did not start to undress but sat down in one of the rocking chairs and lit his pipe. Ken sat down in the other. Windows were wide open, the flimsy white curtains hung straight in the lifeless air. The room was left in darkness because of mosquitoes.

Rob began to talk. There was a note of jubilation in his voice. "Damned glad you found those tracks! Changes the whole picture. I was beginning to feel pretty small—bringing the gang out here to get Mr. Greenway's filly, costing him a lot of money, and going back with nothing and less than nothing!"

This made Ken very proud. Happy, too, as he always felt when his father gave him praise. At the same time his heart behaved strangely, because his father was talking as if the filly had already been recovered; and the truth was, before this could happen, Ken had to follow the trail through that lonely

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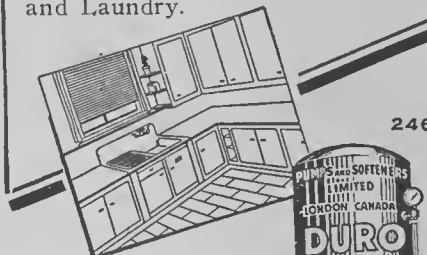


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mountain wilderness he had seen this morning. For how long? Days? Weeks? It wouldn't be anything like spending a night or two camping out on Saddle Back, or down in the Valley of the Eagles. It would be doing an important work—difficult too—all on his own in Colorado, while the rest of them went back to Wyoming and Idaho.

All this had rushed through his mind that afternoon when he heard his father say to Beaver Greenway so confidently, "Sure! No trick to it at all! Ken'll trail 'em and bring her back!"

But there was excitement mingled with his dread. Never had he done such a thing before. And though any boy's throat would fill up and his heart drop at thought of such an undertaking, yet no boy would shrink from it, but would press into it, and love even the loneliness and the dread and the throat choking and the heart dropping.

"Now," said his father, "you can load up here with everything you need in the way of provisions. I won't leave until I've seen you off. Take plenty. You might catch her in a week, or it might be six. Let's see—what's the date today? The twelfth, I think."

"That's right. Howard left eleven days ago."

"Seems longer," said Rob.

"If I find her soon," said Ken, "maybe I could—er—take her to the Blue Moon and train her for Mr. Greenway."

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," advised his father. "It may be a tough summer holiday for you."

Ken's heart dropped again—but his father knew, too—that made it a little better. Did Carey know? Did she have any idea? Where was she now? He wondered if she were still up, talking to her uncle or her grandmother—no, it was late. Probably in bed. Maybe those same white silk pyjamas which once he had seen—maybe that mane of glossy hair flung upward, maybe that smooth child's face, those full pink lips crumpled against the pillow—

"Dad," he said abruptly, and there was a slight hoarseness in his voice, "when are the Greenways leaving?"

"In the morning."

KEN was glad it was dark. He crossed one leg over the other, clutching his ankle.

"Is Mrs. Palmer well again then?"

"Yes, the old hellion!" Rob gave a little chuckle. "We found a bonesetter. He did some sort of jiu-jitsu on her, something popped, and her ladyship is herself again."

Ken's chair rocked nervously.

"I tell Greenway," continued Rob, "that he ought to give her an overdose of something the next time she has a heart attack."

"They aren't real heart attacks, are they, Dad?"

"She's a hypochondriac. No telling what's real and what's made up for the purpose of getting attention and sympathy. My opinion is, if she didn't gain anything by her sick spells, she would turn out to be a well woman."

A shutter banged loudly somewhere and the flimsy curtains of the north windows blew inward on a cool draft. Ken turned his head. If a storm came, the tracks might be obliterated.

"Ken."

"Yes, sir?"

"Thinking about those plugs again. If we're right in our guess that Thunderhead will join up with Pete and Jewel, if you come up with them, you'll have a lot better chance to catch your stallion than if he was off with a band of mares."

"Yes, sir." Ken had thought of that himself.

"That halter you've got with you—Thunderhead's halter—you haven't had a chance yet to get it on him—"

Ken did not answer this. He thought of the other night when he was holding that halter in his hands, walking to-

ward the white stallion in the moonlight, whistling, calling "Thunderhead."

"Ken—even though it leaves me in a fix, yet I'm glad it wasn't Thunderhead that was killed. Don't misunderstand me—if I had to do it again, I'd do the same thing, and if it was Thunderhead he would be killed if he couldn't be caught, yet, all the same, I'm glad it wasn't. Bad enough to have that other one lying dead out there. Ishmael!"

Rob took his pipe out of his mouth and leaned forward. Accustomed now to the dark, he could see Ken's face, and noticed how drawn and nervous the boy looked. How intense he was—always breaking his heart for something—but quick. Alive, intelligent, emotional—

Rob placed his hand on Ken's knee and gave it a little squeeze. "It's all turned out pretty well, son, and now the rest is up to you. I know you can do it. I'm counting on you."

Ken's eyelids swept up, he broke into a vivid, charming, self-conscious smile. And Rob felt a pang, for the look in the dark blue eyes was like Nell's.

Again the curtains blew straight into the room. A rising wind swished around the building and there was a sudden crack of thunder.

"Here it is," said Rob, going to the window. Ken followed him.

Half the sky was clear and luminous, the bright moon in the zenith. The other half was a heavy bank of dark clouds that were moving rapidly, shoved up from the northern horizon.

"Goodbye to Pete's tracks," said Ken dolefully.

The clouds were churning, one layer against another layer, great chunks torn loose by the wind and sent flying. Lightning split it again and again and thunder rolled and tumbled in the mountains. Northward, the storm was beating on the earth—rain—snow—they could not yet tell what it was. But even as they watched, the bank of clouds was shoved up and across the zenith, over the moon, and the world was inky black, crackling about their ears.

"Hail," said Rob into Ken's ear, as the familiar sharp patter hit the streets and the roof of the hotel. "You're in luck."

"Thank goodness," said Ken, knowing that hail would not erase the horses' tracks but freeze them into a hard mold.

The din increased. Rob went around the room closing the other windows.

"Better come to bed," he said, "this'll be over in a few minutes."

"I will," said Ken, but he did not move. The storm had swept away all his dread and given him, instead, exultance. The luck was with him. Thunderhead had not been shot, Jewel had not died. Neither of them was lost beyond recapture. Nor was the prospect of his visit to the Greenways entirely hopeless. If his luck held and he caught up with the horses soon, there were still weeks of summer to spend with Carey and with the horses on the practice track of the Blue Moon.

THAT night the gates of the corral stood open, for there was no living thing inside it to be confined. There was one dead thing—a mare. She had broken her neck in the fight with the rope and the snubbing post. Outside the corral there lay another dead thing, corpse of the young white stallion. Coyotes and vultures had been at both of them.

In the animal world, too, there is a news-carrying grapevine.

In the thick darkness of the night, before the storm had scattered the clouds, Thunderhead came down from the woods to stand and sniff and snort his rage upon the ground. A grey form slunk away, belly to earth. The stallion struck swiftly as a cat. The cleaver-like hoofs drove through the backbone of



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the coyote and one agonized yelp died on the air. Rearing, coming down with stiff legs, he cut the coyote to pieces, then raised his muzzle and screamed a furious challenge to the world. He stood a moment as if listening for an answer, then turned to the clean hills and thundered away.

Other visitors came when the storm was over and the clouds broken into tatters that flecked the moonlit sky. Huge, plodding feet, each one with a skirt of heavy hair that swung as they were lifted, went to the corral gate, then braced with sudden nervousness against the earth. The smell of blood, of death, was overwhelming.

From some distance away came a wild, nervous whinny. Jewel trotted to his side. He rumbled deeply, she whimpered back at him. Snorts of horror rippled from the nostrils of both horses. Jewel went up on her hind legs, wheeled, plunged away.

Pete turned more slowly and trotted off. Jewel made a wide circle, cantering over earth which hail and moonlight had turned to silver filigree, in a figure of indescribable grace and beauty, her feet hardly seeming to touch the ground. She came back to Pete as he was passing the dead stallion. Two coyotes were feasting there now. Pete paused to look at them. They darted away, but not far. They kept their eyes on the great horse, and when he passed on they returned to the carrion.

Pete lifted his head and shook this corruption and grief far from him. He broke into a thundering gallop. Jewel ran up to him and together they cantered into the hills, the filly clinging to his side as a colt clings to its mother.

If you have a difficult decision to make, never force it, Rob had told his boys. Weigh each alternative singly, without prejudice. If they seem to balance evenly, no advantage one way or the other, do not be deceived. There is an advantage one way or the other. If you wait long enough, it will become apparent to you and suddenly the decision will be made without difficulty and it will be right.

Ken remembered this when he made his first camp, some miles north of the corral, and decided it was nonsense for so many decisions have to be made in the shake of a lamb's tail. Or, they spring to life, ready-made, the moment the issue arises, and don't have to be made at all.

Here was an issue, very important, because it might have far-reaching consequences.

He was on the trail of Pete and Jewel. Crossing it, near where he was now sitting by his campfire, was another trail. He knew those hoofprints. They were unusually large, the prints of a horse who had never worn a shoe. There were cracks in the edges, several big pieces of the hoof chipped off. These were hoofs that took care of themselves, had never been pared or shaped, good broad hoofs to carry a great weight without stumbling. They were Thunderhead's hoofs, and they went north. And Pete's and Jewel's, after having come from the corral in a northerly direction for fifteen miles or so, had then swung around, following

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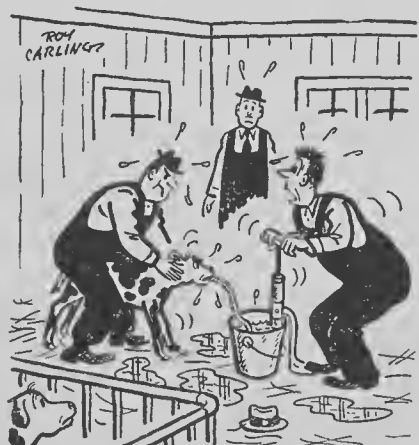
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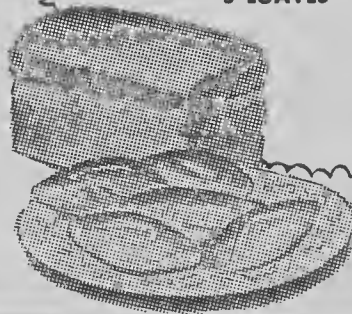
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We are. You want a radiant one, don't you? So you need bright, sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums. And *that* brings us back to Ipana and massage—so helpful in keeping gums healthier.

Suppose "pink tooth brush" does pop up? It means *visit your dentist—right away!* He may say that gums have become tender, flabby—deprived of exercise by modern soft foods. And he's likely to suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage"—as so many dentists do.

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a tiny creek. They were now heading due east.

Ken was dead tired. He had forced the pace that first day. He had been at the stable soon after dawn with his father where they had seen to the packing of a rangy buckskin named Sparks who had been hired for a pack horse. Upon him was put the sawbuck and pack with six weeks' supplies.

"I hope you won't need all this stuff," said Rob. "You ought not to. But it would be just too bad if you got close to those two plugs and had to turn back because you had run out of supplies."

Sparks carried fifty pounds of oats, a slab of bacon, half a dozen boxes of Albers' pancake flour, a dozen cans of milk, powdered eggs, canned beans, molasses, honey, jam, coffee, sugar, salt and pepper. Ken himself carried gun, fishing rod, binoculars, compass, flashlight, slicker, blankets and one bath towel.

"Watch his back," Rob cautioned. "Don't ever pack him unevenly."

Ken had curried the backs of both horses when he removed saddle and pack. Then they had rolled. Then he had hobbled them and put them to graze.

For his supper he had trout fried in bacon fat, trout that he had caught in ten minutes of fishing in the little three-foot wide brook. Then he washed his things.

All the time he was thinking about the difficult decision he had to make.

Thunderhead's trail was the older. He had not crossed *their* trail, *they* had crossed his. If it had been the other way around, Thunderhead might have overtaken them. Did horses actually follow trails, smelling it out on the ground the way a dog does? He decided that they don't, they just sniff the air, smell horses from a great distance, know whether they are mares or stallions. He wondered if Thunderhead, from where he was now, somewhere to the north, could smell Pete and Jewel, off there to the east, and decided he probably could not.

Some distance away, a small brown cottontail crept out from a thicket and began to nibble the grass. Ken reached for his gun. The cottontail put up its long flannel ears, waved them, whisked around, presenting its little white powder-puff, and disappeared. Ken took a comfortable position, lifted his gun to his shoulder, cocked it, laid his cheek upon it, sighted it for the thicket and waited.

In a moment the cottontail emerged again, there was one sharp crack, a few minutes later Ken was cleaning it at the edge of the brook. This would be his dinner for tomorrow. He would have no difficulty in having fresh meat every day—wild doves, rabbits, trout, sage hens.

He put away his gun and climbed a big rock and sat down on the top of it to watch the sunset. All afternoon the waning moon, tilted languorously on its back, had hung amongst the white clouds like a little roundish white cloud itself. But now it didn't look like a cloud any more. It was bright and faintly luminous, and behind it the sky glowed like a blue jewel.

THE wind was cool. The hailstorm had broken the heat. Ken's eyes went to the line of bluish white behind the highest of the timbered mountains. Snow—fairly thick snow. There must have been a fresh fall up there when it hailed down here. Now and then the smell of it was on the wind. Now and then a current of air poured down, like a cold tide, delicious and oddly challenging.

The first stars came out. A pack of coyotes opened up a mile or two away, a few scattered yaps, then a rising chorus, then slow diminuendo and silence again.

Ken stood there and took one last look around before going to bed. The dark and towering shapes of the moun-

tains were on all sides of him. To the south was one far vista. It was like a window in the houses of the mountains in which he was enclosed. The slopes of the mountains came down and criss-crossed, leaving the way open for him to see these three snow-covered peaks, and they drew his eyes as, wherever there is a way open into a beyond, a human being will watch it, seduced by the haunting charm of the "far away." It is the same with whatever is "long ago." Distances, then, in time or space, are romance.

Ken had come out from the corral in one of the folds of the foothills, for he had picked up Pete's trail, not on the mountainside where he had first seen it, but down near the corral. Pete and Jewel had followed this little ravine, feeding on the pockets of grass which lay, here and there, on the banks of the brook. If he followed this trail he might come up with them in a few days. Then, returning to this spot, it would take a few more and by that time Thunderhead's trail would be very old indeed. Rain might have obliterated it.

Ken flung his slicker on the spongy turf, a blanket over it, another rolled up for his head, took off his boots and lay down, covering himself with a third blanket.

Then he remembered his prayers. He had made a resolve. With so much at stake, he needed help. He would say his prayers regularly every morning and night. He would never skip them. He would not think of other things while he was saying them. After all, it was neither fair nor courteous to remember God only in crises—as when he had been trying to lash the bull away from his mother, as when his father had been going to shoot Thunderhead—such terrible crises that all you could do was breathe, "God help me!" or "God, don't let it happen!" No—perhaps if he prayed properly from the very start, he would be helped to find Jewel and Thunderhead and Pete, all three of them. And would bring them back safely. And would ride Thunderhead in a famous national steeplechase. *And would win.* He wouldn't need to ask advice as to which trail he would follow because, way down inside him, he already knew.

HIS father had given him some last advice. He had stood there in his belted, tan riding breeches and a blue cotton shirt which just matched his blue eyes. They had had their fierce staring look. His hands were tamping down the tobacco in his pipe.

"Don't go getting any wild ideas—"

"No, sir."

"Don't go off on any wild steeplechases on that white plug of yours."

"No, sir."

"Get your neck broke or something so I'll have to send out a search party for you."

"No, sir."

"Remember, you're to bring back that English filly."

"Yes, sir."

"Remember, it's *your* stallion who stole her. In a way, *you're* responsible."

"Yes, sir."

"Damn it, I'm responsible! Because I didn't geld him when I had him!"

"Yes, sir."

"Yessir, nosir, yessir, nosir, and you're not even listening! You're starry eyed!"

"Yes, I am, Dad—I mean I'm listening, I'm not starry eyed."

"The hell you aren't! Well—"

All this ran through Ken's mind, but the immediate thing to be decided was, must he throw off his blanket and kneel up to say his prayers?

It was something he remembered all his life, the long time it took him to decide this point. Would it be a better prayer if he knelt up? He decided he could pray as sincerely lying down as kneeling up, and that if he limited his prayers to those occasions when he could kneel, there would not be much praying. There were times when he



thought of his mother or father, talked to them in his mind, as he had just been doing with Rob, or asked their advice or help, in a way that made it seem as if they were with him wherever he went. Why could it not be the same with God? Except that it would be an even more constant companionship and guidance? He laid his arm across his eyes and went carefully through the Lord's Prayer.

To his surprise that was all he felt like saying. He began to think of Carey.

At school, the year before, his class had read Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*. The hero had been in love with a girl called Deruchette. He had never met her but once he saw her write something in the snow and, when he came up to it, he saw that it was his own name. After that he thought of her all the time. The author wrote these strange words, "*Deruchette was his abyss.*"

Ken knew just what he meant by that. She was a deep place within him. She was there permanently. Whenever he was alone, he, as it were, fell into that abyss and there lived, silently and strongly, alone with her.

"*Carey is my abyss,*" he murmured.

He lay very quietly for a while. His mind went in big swoops over his friendship with Carey from the very first meeting to the last goodbye, which was no goodbye at all—just a pausing at the side of the automobile and her hand held out. "Goodbye, Ken." "Goodbye, Carey." And then the automobile driving away with the empty trailer rattling behind. Then he went back to the beginning and did it all over again. Each time it was a different story. Different scenes, different moments, different words, different looks in Carey's eyes stood out with significance. He remembered their talk on Castle Rock, the talk about all her children—their children—with discomfort. What he lingered over longest was the one time he had held her in his arms, the one time they had kissed. The trouble with that was, it was all about the puppy. They should have been talking about themselves. He should have told her, then, that he loved her. Another scene he remembered with still more chagrin, the time they had been out walking in Westgate and the automobile had rushed past—so close to them—forcing Carey against him. Right at that moment had been his chance. He ought to have had her in his arms.

Should he really? He searched himself more deeply. Did he really love her . . . all that love meant? . . . the eternalness of it . . . the each-one-for-the-other for good and all . . . the end of ever thinking seriously of any other girl or woman? . . . Or was it just puppy love? Did he want Carey for keeps?

A PAIN shot through him. And the pain was because it could even be questioned. It was a belittlement of his darling, of his sweet little love! Of course he wanted her! Anyone would want her. Oh, she was his own! She was the only girl he had ever known or talked to who seemed important—who even seemed real. The others—the girls he had played post office with when he was a little boy at parties in Cheyenne and Laramie, the girls at the dances last year at school—they seemed sort of made up out of curls and eyes and giggles and pretty legs, but Carey was real.

The feeling inside him was as if he were groaning because he knew he would never marry anybody but Carey—groaning because there filled him a great wave of possessiveness. *My own—my own darling—my own wife.* He would propose to her, he would make her promise to marry him the very next time he had the chance.

He grew hot all over. He rolled over on his face and put his head in his

arms. Carey . . . Carey . . . this was Carey . . . all his. . .

In the morning he stood naked on the banks of the stream, rubbing himself with his bath towel after having bathed in the miniature waterfall. His teeth were chattering, air and water were cold and the sun was not yet up over the mountains. There was not a cloud to be seen. It was going to be a glorious day. He was in haste to be gone.

He fed himself and his horses, packed Sparks carefully and was off to the north on Thunderhead's trail.

Ken hurried. He must catch Thunderhead soon, so that he could go back and follow Pete and Jewel before their trail had grown too stale.

He was still in the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve, but the trail was leading downhill. Thunderhead was going back to the plains. He came to no ranches, saw no man, no other horses. Thunderhead was avoiding inhabited places. He followed grass from one little clearing, through the forest, or along a bare hillside, to another little clearing, always within distance of water.

Where the going was good enough, Ken went at a canter, with due regard to Sparks and the loaded sawbuck on his back. He had not realized how much slower travelling would be with a lead horse.

One day, two days, three days on the stale trail and it grew no fresher. The piles of dung were dry and odorless. All of Ken's confidence and happiness had gone. Far from thinking that in less than two weeks he might be at the Blue Moon with both Thunderhead and Jewel he began to worry about the six weeks—now five weeks that he had before leaving for school. It didn't seem long any more. It wasn't enough. He felt nervous and urgent. He sat by his campfire at night in a tense attitude, as if waiting, his ears keenly attuned to the sounds of the forest.

Ken was much lonelier than he had been when he had gone hunting for Thunderhead the summer before. He wondered if it were because he had not known Carey then. Yes, he was lonely for Carey, and for home and people, and lonely with another loneliness, the loneliness of the wrong-doer. There was darkness and confusion in his soul. He had let go his silver thread of right behavior and it felt as if the world was against him. Right now he ought to be on the trail of Pete and Jewel—perhaps even catching up with them.

ONE day he lost the trail. He tied Sparks to a tree and, on Flicka, made wide circles, casting about. He found the trail again entering the forest. He could not understand this. It seemed aimless wandering on the part of Thunderhead. If he only knew where Thunderhead was going to, he could take the general direction and really make time. He turned Flicka around and climbed a mountain behind him, reaching so high a point that he could survey all the country for miles around. From here he could see why Thunderhead had entered the forest. It was a comparatively narrow belt, and beyond it the land dropped down in a series of grassy clearings. Way beyond the last of them he could glimpse the shining of a river on the lowlands. Just as he had thought, Thunderhead was going down to the Wyoming border and the plains.

After that he made better time, picking up the tracks of his quarry often enough to be confident. On the fifth day, he came out of the hills to the edge of the North Platte River. It brawled across his path, wide, shallow, rapid. Thunderhead's tracks led into it. He had crossed that river.

On the other side were flats, beyond that, hills again. There was plenty of grass on those flats. Ken's eyes swept it narrowly, right and left, expecting to see the startling splotch of white which would be Thunderhead grazing, but it was empty of life. He made sure of

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## 73rd ANNUAL STATEMENT

*Year Ending October 31st, 1947*

## ASSETS

Deposits with and Notes of Bank of Canada.....	\$ 38,796,687.70
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks.....	19,748,292.50
Other Cash and Deposits.....	7,413,496.90
Government and Municipal Securities (not exceeding market value).....	152,779,946.22
Other Bonds and Stocks (not exceeding market value).....	11,063,153.69
Call Loans (secured).....	6,429,111.83
<b>TOTAL QUICK ASSETS</b> .....	<b>\$236,230,688.84</b>
Commercial and Other Loans (after full provision for bad and doubtful debts).....	164,896,851.10
Liabilities of Customers under Acceptances and Letter of Credit (as per contra).....	7,777,192.02
Bank Premises.....	6,053,278.01
Other Assets.....	123,500.87
	<b>\$415,081,510.84</b>

## LIABILITIES

Deposits .....	\$387,775,572.22
Notes in Circulation .....	884,747.50
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding .....	7,777,192.02
Other Liabilities .....	185,573.02
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC .....</b>	<b>\$396,623,084.76</b>
Dividends due Shareholders .....	176,759.93
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits .....	18,281,666.15
	<b>\$415,081,510.84</b>

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1947, after contributions to Staff Pension Fund and after making appropriations to Contingency Reserves out of which full provision for bad and doubtful debts has been made	\$ 1,807,826.39
Provision for depreciation of Bank Premises, Furniture and Equipment	225,166.54
	\$ 1,582,659.85
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes and Provincial Corporation Taxes	742,000.00
	\$ 840,659.85
Dividends at the rate of \$1.00 per share	700,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	\$ 140,659.85
Profit and Loss Balance 31st October, 1946	1,141,006.30
Profit and Loss Balance 31st October, 1947	\$ 1,281,666.15

## RESERVE FUND

Balance at credit of account 31st October, 1946	\$ 8,000,000.00
Transfer from Contingency Reserves being portion of provisions from profits as shown on the Statements of prior years, no longer required	2,000,000.00
Balance at credit of account 31st October, 1947	\$ 10,000,000.00

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*General Manager.*

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that. He mounted a rise of ground, took his binoculars and for half an hour examined minutely every foot of country which was spread out before him. Thunderhead was not there. Ken went down and crossed the stream on Flicka. He rode downstream a quarter-mile, then up stream. Here were Thunderhead's tracks coming out of the river and a pile of dung. It was not fresh. Flicka dropped her head and sniffed, then lifted it high and gave a ringing neigh.

Ken's heart skipped a beat. Was she neighing to Thunderhead? The wind reached them from the north and that was the direction the tracks led. Ken sat taut in the saddle, listening for a reply, but there was none. Flicka neighed again. Then came an answer, but it came from the trees across the stream. It was Sparks answering. Was it Sparks to whom Flicka had been neighing the first time?

He sat waiting but there was no more neighing. There was nothing in sight within miles of him. He would set out on this trail in the morning. He noticed with surprise that it was growing dark.

For some time clouds had been gathering in the sky. Now, glancing up, he saw that a storm was coming. There was an enormous purplish thunderhead almost overhead, he knew that he was in for a wetting. He pulled the slicker off the front of his saddle and slipped his arms through it. There was a flash of lightning and a crack of thunder. Then it was as if bullets were hitting the surface of the river, each one causing a splash, at first single ones spaced some feet apart, then closer and closer together until the stream boiled white.

**F**LICKA hung her head and drew herself together. In a moment his slicker was streaming. He put Flicka into the stream to ford it. The mare took a few steps then bent her head to drink. He loosened the reins. As he sat there it seemed to him that he heard the neigh of a horse far away to the north. Again his heart leaped and he turned to look. He could see nothing through the driving rain and the darkness. He wondered if he could possibly have heard aright. Flicka had not raised her head. If Thunderhead, from some distant peak, had seen him and given him greeting, Flicka would have answered. Unless, he thought, with her head down to the boiling stream and swallowing great gulps of water, she had been unable to hear anything. Now she raised her head and at the touch of his heel went forward across the stream.

The wind was rising. The downpour lessened, then the clouds were swept back into the zenith again, and again

the torrents came down. Ken wondered how there could be so many tons of water in the sky. How did they get there? Then the storm moved southward, suddenly there was a streak of red light lying across the river, then it became dark again.

Ken made his camp under an overhanging cliff, back from the river a few hundred feet. Over him and on all sides of him was the forest, sighing in the rain.

He was wet through. He fed the horses and hobbled them. He changed his clothes, hanging his wet things around the fire on sticks. The saddle lay on the ground steaming in the heat from the fire. He cooked and ate his supper, cleaned up, put the things away, all in a state of confusion and misery which was almost panic.

Five days.

Five days to get here; if he started right back, five days to reach the trail of Pete and Jewel where he had left it—and what would these ten days and the winds and rains have done to those tracks? And if he went on and followed Thunderhead as he had planned to, what would this downpour have done to *his* trail? It might take him a day—two days—even to find it again.

He had wasted time enough hunting for Thunderhead. . . . Forget him . . . forget the race . . . forget all that he had so wanted for himself. . . . Do what he ought to do. Return to Pete's trail and go after him and Jewel and bring back, for Carey and for Mr. Greenway, the thing his father had made himself responsible for. His father's parting words sounded in his thoughts again. They were clear enough. Had he been crazy—going off on this wild goose chase when his duty so clearly led him elsewhere? There was even the horrible thought that, due to this long detour, he might not succeed in coming up with Pete and Jewel in time. This hit him a blow, and with it came a premonition that that **was** just the way it was going to be. He **was** going to fail, and serve him right if he did.

Damp and unhappy, he crawled into his blankets and slept the night through. The morning was dark and drizzling. Once again he climbed the little eminence near by and swept the flats across the river with his binoculars. Thunderhead *might* be near. Silly to turn and go back, when perhaps just a half-day's travel, just a few hours, separated them! He called at the top of his lungs, he whistled, he looked minutely, steadily, until his eyes were watering with strain. No sound but the urgent brawling of the river. No movement but the swaying of the trees, the low, windswept clouds.



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It was a despairing goodbye look which he cast upon those flats and hills. He put all thought of Thunderhead, of the visit to the Blue Moon, of the steeplechase, away, and ran down the hill, saddled Flicka, and headed back the way he had come.

He was able to follow his own trail without difficulty. He rode all day in the rain, having no mercy on himself or his horses. He must make up time. Again that night he had to strip and change clothes, setting out the wet ones to dry by his fire.

He felt exhausted beyond all reason. His thoughts drifted without direction. To lose Thunderhead, that he was resigned to. But what about Jewel? Carey? Everything? How had he happened to get in this jam? What about life itself? Would he achieve anything he wanted? What lay ahead? Suddenly he shuddered. It seemed as if all his needs and wants were known... they lay exposed to some malevolent eye... he was helpless... and all that he loved would be swept out of his reach by some power he could not control.

**A**TTEMPTING, with his inner vision, to see what lay ahead for him it seemed as if he could almost divine his future life as if it were a wide, mist-covered plain, dark. If there were waiting for him marriage, fatherhood, a life work, a home of his own, children he could not see them. He could see no path leading to any of those stations and it did not seem possible that they were really there. How could there come a directive on the path of his life?

There was the soft, steady rustle of the rain falling, there was the hissing of the fire, there was the indescribably sweet fresh smell of the earth and the grasses, and occasionally the sharp crash of a heavy pine cone falling, scattering showers of water.

An hour passed. Still Ken sat motionless. How helpless he was... not only he, but his father... the things you read in newspapers... what terrible things happen to people because they are all helpless and cannot save themselves... just little futile children, unable to plan and do and achieve what they want to, frustrated and defeated at every turn. He began to feel surprised. He had not always known this. Lots of times he himself had been defeated, but he had never dreamed other people had it happen to them, too. He had thought grown people had power and could propose and dispose, his father and the President and all big powerful men. But they couldn't... No... His father wanted Thunderhead to be found as much as he himself wanted it. Besides, his father would die someday; the President, too... No. Everyone was helpless and no one was complete or sure.

He reached this as a fact, as concrete as if it were something he held in his hands. He accepted it.

Finding this and accepting it, there began in him again the wild coursing; his mind, like a greyhound, trying to find the very rim of life and beyond, trying to find the power that was not in himself or other men, the completeness that he now knew he would never have in himself.

And suddenly his lips parted in surprise and he said aloud, "Why! That's God!"

He stayed with this thought a long time in a kind of wonder. So much he had heard about God, prayed to God, but not ever really found Him for himself—all of it just sort of a convention, a duty, a performance that as an obedient child, he had given himself to. Now he had found Him out of his own need, his own helplessness and the helplessness of all men, because, surely, power and completeness had to exist somewhere. How else would one even

know about them or have the idea of them? Or discover that they were lacking? Or how could they be manifested in any field of human activity?

He wondered why all men did not find out that what they everlastingly searched and longed for was God. Then he realized that there were many men who never knew, at least, never admitted, that they were, in all fundamentals, helpless. Perhaps only a few did. Perhaps most men went right through life, either never looking forward to the end, or believing or bluffing themselves that they were really *it*, could somehow pull it off, bluff it through, somehow keep up the bluff and finally put it over. Well then, those were the ones that could never find God.

The wind again. The forest roared, a battery of pine cones pounded the earth, and Ken, his thoughts drawn outward, lifted his head and listened. There was power! An endless wild sweep of power! His eyes lit up, his lips parted, smiling. All alone there on the edge of the forest he was listening for God.

There came a sharp sound, a series of cracks, louder and louder, and suddenly the deep crash and great groaning of a tree going down. Prickles went up Ken's spine and he felt his scalp contracting. If you really listened for the voice of God, you began to hear it in strange places and strange ways.

He thought of his mother; he experienced again the great deep chunk of living of those few minutes when he had seen her in danger from the bull, the terror for her mixed up with the dread that he might not have strength enough, determination and aggression enough to overcome the bull and beat him back. It had been a kind of madness in which he had not felt any timidity, only horror and hate and frenzied animal fear.

**A** DEEP sigh went through him, relief that she had come through that all right—that he himself had come through it and had been able to do as he ought to do. He would tell his mother about this thing tonight, if he could find words to tell her of it. He wondered what she would say. She always had something interesting to say about God, now he could tell her something about God.

He looked about him almost fearfully, and in his mind he asked her, "Mother, why did I feel when the tree crashed down and when the great wind came and the whole forest roared and bowed down, that it was God?"

As if in answer, he thought he smelled the perfume she used, lily of the valley. He inhaled it deeply. Then, thinking of her, he knew so exactly what she would say, that it was as if he heard her voice say it. "These are the mighty works of His hands. In them and through them we find God."

The wind was breaking up the storm. The rain stopped. Far off on the horizon the heavy cloud bank had lifted and there was a streak of yellow sky showing behind it, aftermath of the sunset. The wind was making a great noise in all the trees of the forest. It would be clear tomorrow.

Ken got to his feet and walked out over the soaked ground to a place from which he could see the little clearing, bordering the forest, where he had put the horses to graze. With eyes accustomed to the dark he saw the shadowy undulations of the hills, one great pine standing out from the others, an ink silhouette.

He saw Flicka grazing, one foreleg slightly advanced, her head to the earth, jerking off the rich mouthfuls of nutritious mountain grass. Against the darkness she was a darker patch of darkness, drawn in a shape of intriguing beauty. His mother had once told him that, in Eastern symbolism, the horse represents understanding. So then, seeking a horse, he was seeking understanding.

Understanding of what? Of everything, really. Could one ever feel that one knew anything? There would always be something beyond, like the little crack in the mountains through which one could see that far vista of perpetual enticement.

The wind buffeted his face. The boughs of the trees were tossing. Here and there in the sky were clear spaces, and, as the clouds chased each other across them, bright stars came and went.

Ken ran his fingers through his hair. He liked to feel the wind in it. He walked slowly forward to the solitary pine tree, stood close against the trunk looking upward, then, hardly knowing what he did, he bent his forehead against the bark and stood there motionless.

Different emotions went through him like great tides. There was fear. It was all too big, too marvelous, too much beyond him. And he was too small and futile. But there was love in him, too, a throbbing passion for everything wide and beautiful, which made him want, in spite of his fear, to continue searching forever to see if he could not get deeper and ever deeper into the heart of the world, into the very core of it and find the kernel—the last tiny kernel—and take it in his hand and hold it there and look at it, lying on the palm of his hand like a little nut.

In the morning the sky was clear and fair, there was not a cloud, there was a glitter of diamonds over the world and the forest was full of song. Ken could see the birds flashing through the branches and, here and there, one sitting on a sunny twig stretching its wings so that glints of scarlet and blue and gold shot from its feathers.

He said to himself, "After the storm comes the sunshine." His hand tightened on the reins and Flicka stopped. It seemed as if he had discovered a universal principle. He must always remember, when things were at the worst, fair weather would follow.

Ken was able to pick up the trail of Pete and Jewel again where he had left it. There was always the dung even though scattered. The two horses had followed a string of little clearings, upward, toward the higher reaches of the Medicine Bow Reserve.

Many days went by. Emotion, any sort of emotion, died in Ken. He continued his search with stoical determination, not concerning himself with anything beyond the day's travel and the care of himself and his horses.

**J**EWEL was with foal by Thunderhead and her time was near.

August, and the summer heat pouring down the valleys. Grass, belly deep and still green, untrod, unseen by man, touched only by the winds that bent it into billows, marking it with undulating ripples of light.

How good it was to eat! Sweet, succulent, rich, tubular mountain hay, exactly what was necessary to provide milk for a foal.

It was not easy to find at this time of year, when, on the plains, the grass had turned dry and brown. Only in the mountains were there these small valleys, occasional clearings, little pockets of lushness which the horses could find by smell, one patch leading to the other.

They grazed as they walked, one step at a time, the enormous mottled bay and the trim English filly, a black satin beauty with a clean-cut diamond of pure white between her eyes and a long pear-shaped pendant hanging from it.

Pete's great size, inherited from Clydesdale, Suffolk Punch and Belgian ancestors, gave him a threatening appearance, but this was contradicted by the spirit of gentleness and humility which emanated from him, especially from the gaze of his large brown eyes. These beautiful eyes and the heavy black forelock above them gave him



the look of a wondering, friendly child, peering out from under a dark bang.

Jewel had grown taller, her mane and tail were wild and sweeping and full, but her head was the delicate, beautifully drawn head of an English thoroughbred, and her body and long legs had the fine lines of a dancer.

Both horses were in top condition, their coats shining with a glossiness which would have been the envy of any groom.

In the heat of the day the two horses would stand in the shade of the trees, almost motionless, resting, heads hanging low, half-asleep.

When the flies were bad they placed themselves alongside each other for switching. There was a definite technique. *Swish*—Pete's full black tail would be flung over Jewel's head, brushing off every fly, then as it was dawn softly across her face and eyes and for a second dropped, her tail would perform the same routine for him, *swish*. And so it went, *swish—swish, swish—swish*, a rhythmic performance that went on for hours without effort or thought and which, beside its practical use, was soothing as a drug.

Sometimes they found a spot to stand upon where there were no flies, some little ridge or promontory swept by a current of air. Here they would stand just resting in the happiness of being friends, close together, her muzzle on his back or neck, or with his head bent over her. Sometimes they touched each other with their nostrils, caressing each other, giving little soft lip-nips, sometimes even pressing the teeth into the skin, but tenderly, as a child might bite and nuzzle its mother's palm.

All summer their wanderings had been punctuated by violent storms. Since that one great hailstorm in which they had started out on their journey, hardly two days had passed without thunder and lightning crash-

ing about their heads, without the heavens opening and pouring rain or hail upon them. Sometimes the clouds sank low and they were enveloped, barely visible to each other, seemingly the only inhabitants of the world, two dark ghosts looming through the mist.

THERE was many a sound that struck terror to Jewel's heart. The scream of the cougar at night. This sound, horrible enough to make a man burst into sweat, would make her tremble and press close to Pete with little whimpering whinnies. It was a sound that came fairly frequently, the sudden snarl rising swiftly to an ear-splitting screech, ebbing away in wails of agony. If, in her horse language, she asked him, "What is it? What is it?" he answered her with comfort, a deep grunt which said, "I am here."

But he took care, at night, to sleep in the open, not under the trees where on some low branch, a cougar might be coiled, waiting to leap. This, Jewel saw one evening; a cougar dropping from a branch upon a deer that passed beneath; saw the deer's head twisted around, the neck broken in one split second; saw it go down beneath the tawny cat; saw the long ropelike yellow tail lashing sideways flat upon the ground; saw the great fangs close upon the deer head.

Pete led her swiftly away, crashing through the underbrush, hating the smell of the blood and the terror and the cat, and the death.

They knew their enemies. Besides the cougars, there were the wolves. Jewel had heard them the winter before when she was in Thunderhead's band, and she knew that even the stallion was alerted by the faintest howl, miles away. Here in the mountains there were timber wolves, more formidable than the prairie wolves, standing tall as a calf, strong-shouldered, square of jaw, a rough grey in color with a long,

trailing brush. They ran singly or in pairs or small groups. Their prey was deer, antelope, small game of every kind and the young of elk, horses, cows.

The deer and the horses were friends. Their natures, their feed, their habits were the same. They grazed together. Both were timid, had no desire to kill, depended on their speed for safety.

Here in these mountains Jewel saw her first grizzly bear. It was neither friend nor enemy. She could not feel any affinity for it. Her interest was curiosity and dread, not pleasure; but the bear paid her no attention. It went its way.

Everyone was going somewhere, following little trails, going to water holes to drink or to hunt, returning to lairs or hideouts to sleep. Though each animal located itself in one certain territory, within that they were ceaselessly on the move. Only the young, the little fawns tucked away in fern beds, the bear cubs tumbling in play at the mouth of a cave, the wolf pups hidden under a clump of rocks, stayed put.

Pete and Jewel kept moving, too. The farther field, the valley which is just over the mountain, the grass on the other side of the river! Horses travel hundreds of miles. The feed in one little clearing is soon exhausted. Their keen scent, bringing them the damp lusciousness of grass, sub-irrigated by mountain springs leads them on from one pocket to the next. But there was forest to cross between, there were barren hillsides, there was far more danger from wolves and panthers than on the plains below. Instinct makes the decisions for animals, a fine line drawn between one hazard and the other. They went on.

They crossed flat shallow rivers, noisy with swift currents and whitewater. They crossed plunging mountain torrents with water like slabs of green

glass, pouring over waterfalls. Drinking at one of these icy pools, before going on, Jewel would hardly twitch an ear at sight of a muskrat arrowing through the water under the bank, or the supple, strong-bodied rainbow trout leaping in the falls, trying to surmount them, hurling themselves high into the spray, falling back into the churning pool, leaping again and again, endlessly, tirelessly, leaping all day long. Over them, the sun pierced down through the trees and matched their colors in small rainbows spanning the falls or hanging in the spray.

But the horses stayed out of the forests as much as they could. A little valley such as this one which they had come to this morning would provide pasture for two or three weeks, then it would be time for circling back to lower altitudes, and, at last, to the plains. Within Pete's skull was a ranger, a philosopher, a geologist, a dietician—all called instinct.

There were springs in the hills that surrounded this valley and at dusk the two horses drank from a pool made by these springs, pushing their noses through tangles of wildflowers, bluebells on yard-long stems fine as hairs, mariposa lilies, forget-me-nots and asters of every shade of violet and lilac.

There came to drink with them a doe with twin fawns, two other does and bucks. Something frightened them. They jerked their heads up, stood listening, sniffing then, in tremendous leaps, took themselves up the mountainside and vanished.

Pete and Jewel stood listening, too. That morning, coming into the valley along a hillside they had seen this band of deer feeding lower down on the slope, and across the bottoms, standing on the edge of the thicket on the opposite hillside, two panthers, watching the deer.

Now, here were the deer. No casual-

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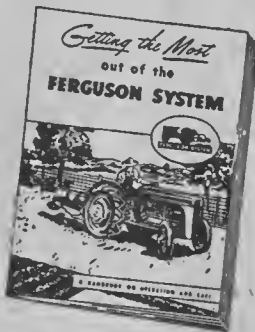
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ties. But where were the panthers? Pete's nose was often lifted, wavering, moving in infinitesimal circles, searching the wind. There was nothing, no acrid smell of cat—and the deer were gone up the mountain.

But next morning as the two horses grazed, there came swimming toward them over the sea of deep grass what might have been a flock of gulls. It was the heads of the deer, lifted above the grass as they moved through it. The little upheld noses of the fawns could just be seen. Now and then a buck sailed over a wide space with a tremendous jump.

Here they were again. Here too, somewhere, must be the panthers. And the sun was making a smaller and smaller arc in its day's journey, the nights were getting very cold, often an icy tide of air came rolling down from the glaciers, the season was late.

Between one mouthful of grass and the next Pete's head altered its direction, swinging around. He did not hurry. He went in a wide circle. By afternoon he was leaving the valley along the same hillside by which they had entered it yesterday.

Jewel followed him. She always followed Pete. Until a few nights later when she went off by herself. When he came after her she turned and plunged at him with sharp teeth that ripped a ribbon of skin from his withers, then whirled and kicked him in the belly. So, serving notice on him that the time had come when she must be alone, she trotted away and disappeared from his sight.

They had been grazing all day on a tundra where sheep had grazed before them. The place was saturated with the smell of them. Here, on the lower edge of the tundra, the forest came to meet it, and it was into the forest that Jewel had disappeared.

It was sunset time. Pete stood quietly waiting, his face turned in the direction she had taken. The dark was coming quickly and the sky was full of flaming colors and flying, tattered blue-grey clouds. There came a rush of wind and the trees on the edge of the clearing bent and sighed, sweeping the ground with their branches and then swinging up again. Not two hundred yards away three dark shapes trotted into the clearing and up the slope of the tundra. From far away came the long drawn quavering hunting howl of a wolf and within a few minutes it was answered three times, the last time by the wolves who had just passed Pete. He saw them now as they answered. They sat on their haunches with up-

lifted heads and the terrible sound poured from their stretched throats, more terrible because, falsely, it carried a tone of melancholy.

The wolves trotted off and disappeared. Though they were not dangerous to grown horses it was a good thing they had gone after the sheep, for a foal was coming.

**D**ARKNESS came on. Uneasily, Pete turned his head and strained his ears, listening for Jewel, listening for a little bleat that would tell him he had a new responsibility. Now and then he lifted a great hoof and stamped it in nervousness, now and then he turned his head to the forest or the tundra, listening, sniffing the air.

There came a spatter of rain. The wind rushed down the mountain again, and again all the trees of the forest behind him bowed and sighed and swept their branches and moaned softly and again were still.

The rain came harder, fine and steady, the clouds sank lower. Pete took the rain comfortably, standing with his head low, his back slightly humped.

Hours passed. At last came the sound he was waiting for and his head lifted with a jerk. It could have been a cat meowing. And it was answered by soft deep gurgling whinnies in Jewel's voice, but a voice Pete had never heard before, a voice Jewel had never used before.

Pete trotted through the darkness to her and found her against a wall of rock in the forest hanging her head over a dark, wet little form which lay on the ground, licking it ecstatically, talking to it with grunts and murmurs. She swung her head up as Pete approached, nickered at him in a greeting which had a note of anxiety in it, then dropped her nose again over her baby. Pete stood watching, a deep murmur of sympathy rumbling out of him.

The foal raised its head. It was going to be black, like its dam, with white markings on its face. There came from it another little squeal. Jewel answered and licked it more vigorously. It staggered to its feet and stood wavering, then collapsed. The mare continued her anxious licking with grunts of encouragement and love. It struggled up again and stretched out its little nose, already obeying the command which would rule it all its life long, the command to seek its food. The mare was in such a state of delight—eyes, nose, lips so occupied with the baby that she kept it from reaching her udder, and the little thing trembled and wavered under her strong licks and nuzzles, thrusting out its legs, bracing itself,



"I soon got sick of THAT!"



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fighting for balance. At last she ceased her licking, turned herself away so that her flank was close to it, and waited. Pete waited. The wind died down. It was very silent and very still and cool, with the fine rain sifting through the leaves.

THE foal put its little snout against its mother's side, slobbering against her, and pushed here and there. It was feeble, wavering, easily discouraged, making mistaken detours, correcting itself, getting nearer the udder, then going astray again, coming back, getting close but missing the teat. At last it blundered against the hot, rubbery bag. The mare felt the foal's lips taking the teat, drawing it into its mouth, the foal felt the hot swollen nipple. The mare became motionless, rapt, as her milk was drawn in sips and gulps into the baby's stomach. But the foal went mad with excitement, his first experience, his first triumph on earth. His pinhead hoofs pranced and stamped, his head butted and pulled, his wisp of a tail, crimped as if with curling pins, stood straight out and quivered and switched, wigwagging his ecstasy.

Pete stepped forward and sniffed the foal. Jewel turned her head anxiously and told him to watch what he did. But he nickered back that she ought to know better than to think he would hurt it, and again sniffed the little wagging tail, the bony, lop-sided haunch. This was his foal. Although Thunderhead was the sire, this was the foal of the mare Pete had taken for his own charge, to cherish, to love, to save from all danger. The baby was his little son, and his soft, big lips mouthed the tiny, bony rump. The curly switch quivered and whisked as if in response.

The foal nursed until he could drink no more. His stomach was as tight as a drum and the heat and life were all through him. He pulled his head away from the teat with a smack which made it flip and bounce, then he suddenly went down on his knees, then flat out on his side, his head sinking in blissful confidence over the damp pine needles. The mare whirled to stand over him, drop her nose, sniff him, inhale his very essence.

There was something else that Pete was smelling. The smell of the blood of the birth. Others could smell this, too—and from a distance. They must leave this place. But the foal slept, Jewel would not wake him.

The two horses grazed while the night passed. The foal woke at dawn and nursed again, stronger now, rising more skillfully, finding the teat more quickly. Again Jewel was overcome with the miracle of what had happened, and turned to lick and sniff and caress it, so jerking the teat out of its mouth. Then the little one had to find it again, always quicker, always more easily, getting expert with practice.

The rain stopped. Before dawn, came again the sound that told all the world that wolves were out a-hunting, and Pete started away from this tundra, Jewel following him, the foal staggering by her side, covering the ground with amazing swiftness, now and then falling, but rising again, sorting out its long wobbly legs and controlling them with skill that seemed uncanny. It was not a day old, yet it walked, trotted, galloped at its mother's side.

They found rich pasture wherever they went. They grazed, slept, wandered. The foal grew stronger.

Three wolves, drawn by the scent of blood, at last found the place where Jewel had foaled.

It was not long before Pete knew they were on their trail.

(Concluded next issue)

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GARRY**



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PRODUCT



*Its Time  
You Tried  
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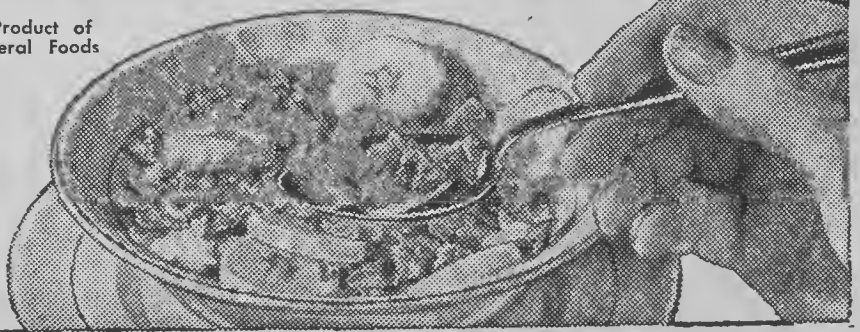
THESE crisp, toasty flakes provide roughage often lacking in modern diets. Eaten regularly for breakfast, they act as a natural regulator, because bran is a natural bulk food.

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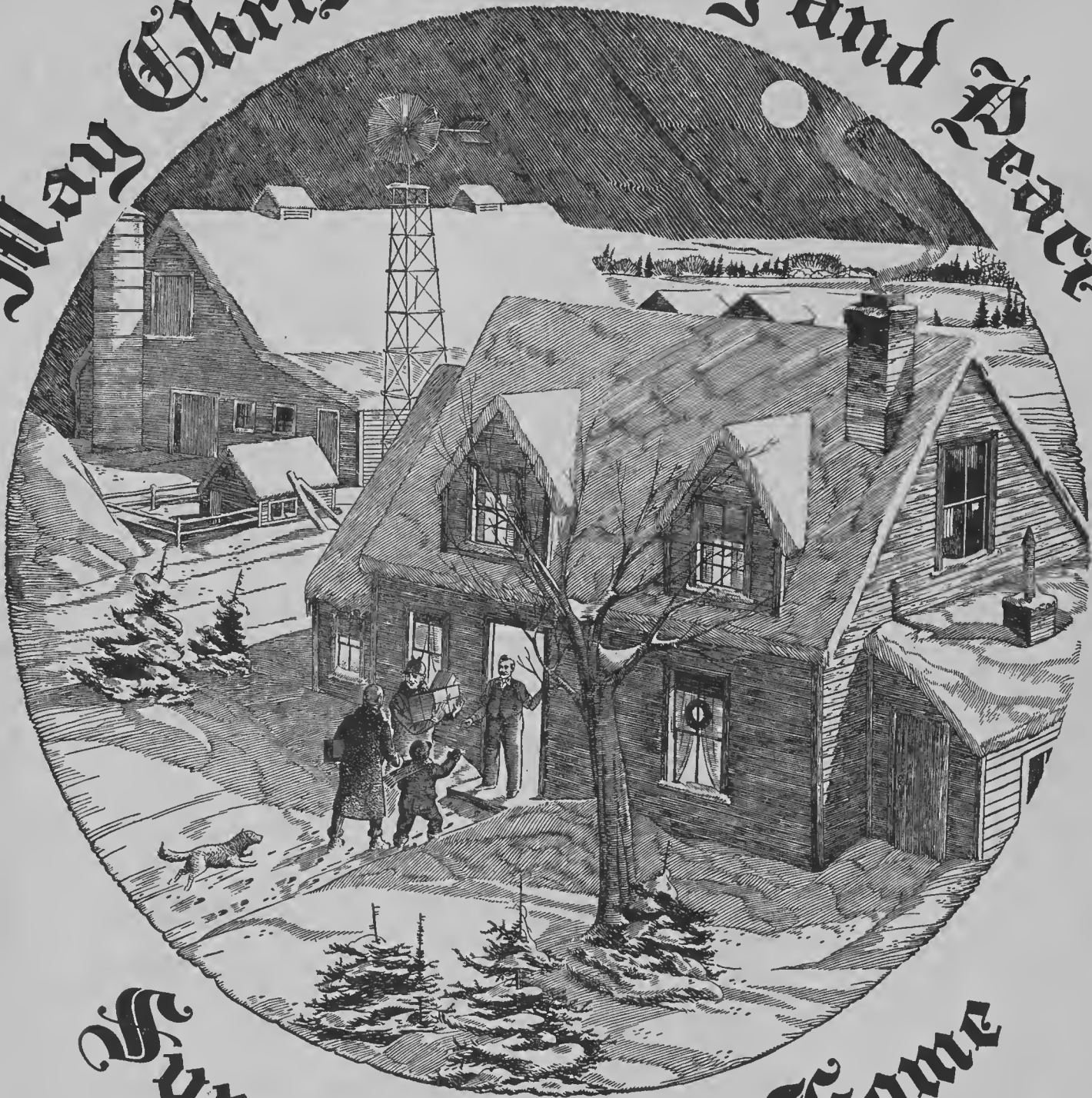
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May Christmas Joy and Peace



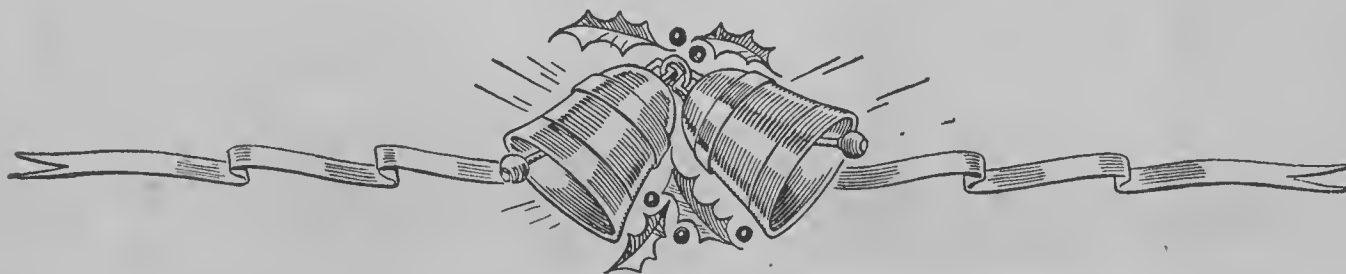
Surround your Home

In thousands of farm homes throughout our favored land the Christmas Season will be welcomed with joy and gladness as families and friends unite in wishing each other, in the old familiar way, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

*On behalf of the Board of Directors and personnel of United Grain Growers Limited, I extend to you and yours sincere greetings and best wishes.*

*R. A. Law.*  
PRESIDENT

United Grain Growers Ltd.





# The Countrywoman

Facing the task of building the peace

By AMY J. ROE

**A**T this season of the year, the desire for peace is very strong in our minds and our hearts. We glorify it in song. For it, ascend our fervent prayers. The course of our every-day living tends, more particularly in these days, to give outward expression to goodwill in extra thoughtfulness, in deeds of kindness to those we know and to those who are less fortunate.

World peace is the large vision, the great goal to which all humanity must now move or else perish from the face of the earth. During the war years we talked bravely about our determination to work at "building the peace." Our vision must not dim, our courage ebb nor our energy decrease as we travel along the difficult, uphill road towards that goal.

There is great need today for our compassion for men, women and children suffering as a result of war's terrible devastation, in countries far removed from our own. The hungry, the weak, sick and homeless need our help. We must further share of our abundance of food, give generously of our sympathy and practical aid.

Though as yet, we are far from achieving Tennyson's vision of; "*The Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,*" we may now plainly see emerging the outlines of those structures set up by the statesmen of the world of our own times, in such bodies as United Nations Organization, Food and Agriculture, UNESCO and other international organizations, each designed for a definite purpose. While, what we as individuals are able to do, in the face of such great and crying need may seem small and insignificant, we should continue to busy ourselves sending food parcels, clothing and medical supplies overseas.

But we also must strive to understand and support these new organizations, these larger efforts to make finance, food and needed supplies flow freely among the countries needing them. Our government may set up its particular part of the framework but it remains for the Canadian people to put life and vigor into it. We may do so, echoing in our hearts Tennyson's words:

*"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."*

## Through Physicians' Eyes

**T**HE part that well trained women may share in the task of rebuilding a war-torn world was the theme of the Fifth Congress of the Medical Women's International Association early this past summer. To that meeting held in Amsterdam, Holland, went 350 delegates from 16 different countries. Canada had two official delegates, Dr. Anna Wilson and Dr. Margaret Owens, both of Winnipeg, both having had previous experience in education or work in Ontario and Alberta. The reports of that meeting appearing in the August and September issues of *The Journal of the American Medical Women's Association* serve two purposes: One, to bring out the attitude of trained medical women to special tasks; and the other, to picture the problems of living in Europe following the war. In the opening editorial Dr. Dorothy Wells Atkinson points out:

"It is true that, as an old Chinese proverb says, women are never privileged to prevent disaster but are always called on to help in the reconstruction.

"No reconstructed society can ever be built on unreconstructed individuals and, therefore, I wish to stress the importance of the attempt to spread good mental hygiene throughout the land from the cradle through middle life. More and more we realize the insecurity of the individual, based on a feeling, true or imaginary, of being alone and helpless in a hostile world.

"A challenging book recently published in America, *Modern Woman, the Lost Sex*, by Ferdinand Lundberg and Maryina F. Farnham, starts out with this same premise. The individual human being feels alone in a hostile world and is filled with a conscious or a deeply unconscious feeling of hatred and aggression. He knows not against what, and so is a ready victim of organizers such as Hitler, Mussolini, Marx, and many others, who direct his hitherto undirected hatred into the channels of revolution or war.

"I consider it one of our highest functions, not merely as women, but as good physicians of international calibre to help in the development toward

maturity of each and every individual who comes within the scope of our influence.

"The emancipation of every individual spirit from fear and anxiety is one of the moral imperatives of our enlightened profession and its accomplishment will surely be a rewarding experience to each and every one of us."

**D**R. ANNA RUYS, of the Netherlands, was elected president. She had been dishonorably dismissed, by German authorities, from her position as professor in the University of Amsterdam in 1944, because she refused to teach students who were Nazis or their sympathizers. In February, 1945, she was taken prisoner by the Germans because she was connected with a group operating a wireless transmitter for the Allied Intelligence Service. She was freed from a concentration camp when the Germans surrendered in the following May. Dr. Anna Ruys gave a report to the Congress from six European countries: Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, France, Belgium and the Netherlands. In it she wrote:

"I quite agree with the Hungarian opinion that in the reconstruction of the world the ideal is that men and women should share equal responsibilities. However, until now the large bulk of the work has been done by men, and the voice of women in the international field is only too faint. This is not always the fault of the men. I think that women are often too timid or have too little self-confidence (or perhaps are spiritually too lazy) to make their voices heard. At least I am sure that only a strong effort by the women themselves will make governments aware of the forces available among their medical women. The preference that women show for special work and for the care of children and mothers makes them especially adapted to work also in the international field of reconstruction. But the effort must come from below. The governments will certainly follow."

In all countries concerned women doctors are posted as general practitioners and in nearly every specialty, but show a preference for: Pediatrics, gynecology and obstetrics, psychiatry, ophthalmology and preventive medicine. The percentage of women in the medical profession is: Poland 25 per cent; Czechoslovakia 15 per cent; Austria 12 per cent; The Netherlands 10 per cent; Hungary 10 per cent; France 5 per cent; Belgium 1.5 per cent. Reports covering other countries showed the proportion of women doctors to be: Finland 17 per cent; Norway eight per cent; Denmark nine per cent; Great Britain about 14 per cent (over one-third of these not in active practice); United States five per cent, and Canada three per cent (with 356 women doctors engaged in active practice).

"We have to realize that the conditions prevailing now in the various countries depend not only on the damage caused by the war, but also on the conditions prevailing before the war," said Dr. Ruys. "In those countries where hygienic conditions were excellent and the influence of infectious diseases low, it may be easier to regain the pre-war level than in those which were on the whole more backward in the field of hygiene.

"It is easily understood," continued Dr. Ruys, "that the absolute lack of living room in large parts of Europe promotes the spread of infectious diseases such as tuberculosis and many others; but I think the damage to the morale is even more fatal. When family life becomes impossible, promiscuity is favored and venereal diseases increase, with consequences to body and soul."

**I**N eastern countries, especially in Poland where devastation was most extensive (destruction amounted to more than 80 per cent of its buildings) housing conditions are terrible. Hygienic conditions before the war were less favorable than in the western part of Europe so that it is difficult to regain a satisfactory health standard. In Poland, 41 per cent of the doctors, 58 per cent of the dentists, and 40 per cent of the teachers died during the war. The lack of intellectual people makes the rebuilding more difficult.

In Hungary, especially in Budapest, with 75 per cent of its homes damaged, the situation is very difficult; one family of three is entitled to one room. In Czechoslovakia, one-quarter of the houses were destroyed by bombing. In the Netherlands, 23 per cent of the buildings were damaged by war action or by inundation. In 1944, over 100,000 Finns had their homes destroyed by the Germans and later 12 per cent of their total territory was lost to Russia. Norway had 12,000 dwellings and 26,000 farms destroyed, leaving 60,000 homeless. In March, 1944, 3,000,000 houses in Britain had received first aid repair, and of these 1,250,000 had been extensively damaged.





# On A Christmas Eve

The story of a professor who wrote  
a famous children's poem

By IRENE CRAIG

Illustrated by  
JOHN  
LIVINGSTON

## A Visit From St. Nicholas

By CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE, LL.D.

*'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through  
the house*

*Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their  
heads;*

*And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter,  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow,  
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment he must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by  
name;*

*"Now Dasher! now Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"  
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too—  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head, to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and  
soot;*

*A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread:  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,  
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight—  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"*

\* \* \*

The famous poem in the form it left the hand of  
the author.

you please, to help the paper carriers swell their  
collections.

There was Santa, all smiles and whiskers, riding  
over the roof-tops in his pint-sized sleigh. You could  
almost hear him shouting to Dasher, urging on  
Dancer, whistling at Prancer. Sure enough, there  
were the eight tiny reindeer soaring like thistle-down  
over the star strewn highway. . . . And how the  
sleigh bulged with its bags and its parcels.

Was that a sugar cane just by the dashboard? The  
Doctor was fit to be tied. Put it away! Put it away!  
Another seven years rolled by.

**B**UT some things, even for a dignified professor of  
languages, just won't stay put. Once more to the  
chagrin of the author it appeared. Now in a book of  
collected poems. Again everyone loved it. It was re-  
quested—it was demanded—over and over again.

On it jingled! Finally, sixteen Christmases after  
that night when he had trudged home in the moon-  
light with the turkey tucked under his arm, Dr.  
Moore acknowledged his dream-child and shame-  
facedly confessed the authorship. Further, when  
eighty years of age he shyly consented to write out  
in full, a copy of the "Visit" that now remains a  
cherished possession of the New York Historical  
Society.

It seems that not Chelsea, where it was written but  
rather the home of his grandparents at Elmhurst,  
Long Island, was the author's inspiration.

There as a lad Clement Clarke Moore spent many  
happy hours in the old homestead that was built in  
1661. In Colonial days how it welcomed and charmed,  
surrounded by its great orchards gleaming with New-  
town Pippins. Its all-embracing hearth, which still  
stands, was in his mind that Christmas Eve he  
scribbled his present for the children, Charity and  
Clement dreaming upstairs. He said so himself, little

Turn to page 48

**C**hristmas Eve—and his wife short  
one turkey!

The professor, as his wife packed, was  
snuggled all cozy by the fireside browsing  
deep in his loved ancient languages. His  
two children long since nestled in their beds. And  
now, here she came, his kindly Catherine, all tired  
out with the Christmas hampers and still one turkey  
shy.

Would he? Did he mind? Dr. Moore did mind.  
Decidedly.

He growled at his now empty slippers so cozy by  
the chimney-piece. Down the pathway he yanked at  
his muffler and gave it an extra fling over his shoul-  
der as he trudged through the snow to the market.

Christmas Eve in the moonlight. Turning home-  
ward he crunched toward Chelsea, the house where  
he was born. It may have been the turkey under his  
arm—but somehow home had never seemed so beau-  
tiful. In sheer enchantment, he gazed at the new  
fallen snow in the light that was clear as noonday.

Christmas Eve in the moonlight! How it sparkled!

How it kindled! At that moment was born the  
Yuletide jingle. . . . No more loitering! Into the house  
flew the Doctor. Here was his present for the two  
children! Faster than  
eagles, "The Night Be-  
fore Christmas" itself  
flew on to paper. Here  
was the Christmas Eve  
classic, "coursers" and  
all — children's joy for  
generations!

The next day he read  
it to the little ones and  
some friends who had  
come to spend the day.  
His present! Everyone  
was delighted. The forty-  
three year old professor  
promptly forgot all  
about it. Not so their  
young friend and rela-  
tive, Harriet Butler, who  
had come with the  
others to visit them at  
Chelsea. She loved it  
just as much as the  
children and was given leave to copy that 1822 "Visit  
from St. Nicholas" into her scrapbook. The next  
Christmas a friend of hers (who also "copied" it) sent  
it anonymously to the Troy "Sentinel."

But hit or no hit—the author was more than  
vexed—he was darn good and mad. These women  
who butt in! His mother, Charity, daughter of the  
retired British officer who years before had come to  
New York and built Chelsea House and named it  
after the well-known Army hospital in London—  
never would she have perpetrated such an indiscretion.

Oh, well! Annoying as it was, he comforted himself  
with the fact that nobody knew the author. He  
decided to forget it.

Not so easy, Professor! Be not so sure.

Seven years later out it came again. This time  
illustrated by Myron King . . . a special edition if



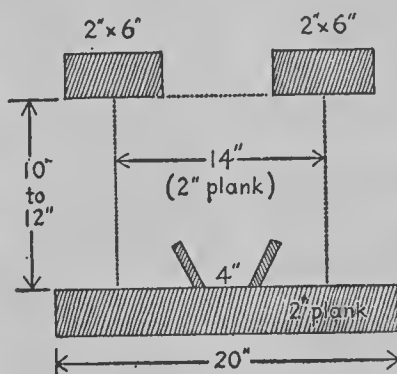
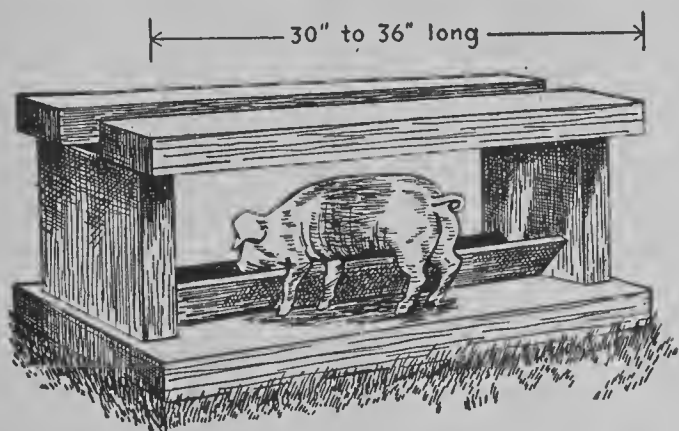


# IDEAS

## from a Neighbor's Farm

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports (not necessarily endorses) his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody, including us. After all, almost a fourth of our customers are farm folks.

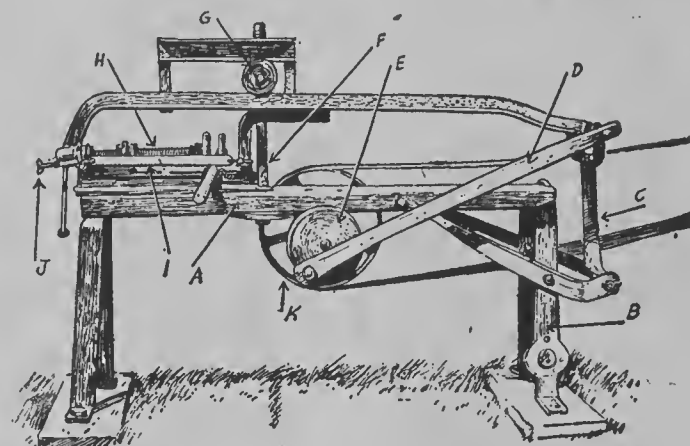
### CREEP FEEDER FOR SUCKLING PIGS



A creep feeder for suckling pigs has been designed by A. J. Charnetski, Livestock Supervisor, Department of Agriculture, Province of Alberta. Several of these feeders are now in successful operation on the ranch of Lord and Lady Rodney at Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta.

The framework is built of 2-inch planks.

The trough proper is 4 inches wide at the bottom, 8 inches wide at the top and about 4 inches deep. The cover of the trough is set at a height that makes the trough easily accessible to the suckling pigs but it is impossible for the sow to get her snout into it. A space of about 8 inches between the top planks makes it convenient to fill or clean the trough.



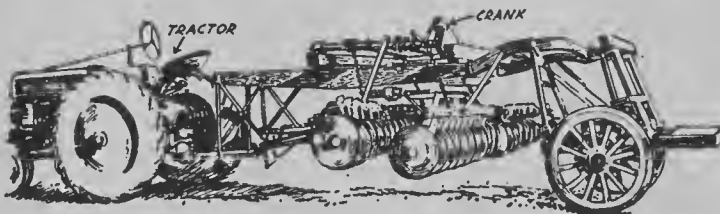
### FARM-BUILT POWER HACK SAW

This power hacksaw is in regular use on the farm of Pender Shanks, Pattapiece, Manitoba. It is built of parts from an old McCormick binder. In the illustration "A" is the square pipe frame. "B" is the leg—a  $\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ " steel frame. "C" is a reel support casting with the original pitman shortened. "E" is a crankshaft in its original bearings connected to the travelling part of the saw by a wood connecting rod "D." "F" is another crankshaft with disc in horizontal position. "G" is the grooved wheel from a barn door hanger. The vise "H" is made from the screw of a carpenter's vise. The hacksaw blade "I" is held in place in the conventional manner with a thumb screw at "J." The main-drive pulley "K" is from a self-feeder on an old thresher. The whole machine was assembled by two men in a single day. It is a great labor saver if any amount of metal working is necessary.

### DISC HARROW CARRIER

Heptonstall Bros., of Mission City, B.C., have built a carrier which makes moving disc harrows relatively simple.

The chassis of an old automobile was used as the framework of carrier. At the rear it is mounted on a pair of old wagon wheels using original axle. An upright steel frame was built above the axle to elevate the chassis 4 ft. or more above ground level. A corresponding frame at front end rests upon coupler of tractor. On top of carrier a long shaft turned by a worm gear acts as a winch for raising harrow from the ground. This shaft



carries four chains, 2 for each side, fitted with hooks which fasten to harrow. The shaft is set to one side of carrier so that crank which turns gear can be easily reached. Chains for far side of carrier pass over an idler shaft set parallel to winch shaft at same distance from the center line of the carrier.



**"OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM"  
—BUT SAFEWAY HAS NONE!**



Back in 1938, Safeway published in farm papers a statement entitled, "Our Pledge in Farm Marketing," and this statement included the following policies:

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- Safeway does not own or operate any farms . . . or compete with farmers in the production of agricultural products.

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- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs
- Safeway buys regularly, offering producers a steady market; when purchasing from farmers Safeway accepts no brokerage fees either directly or indirectly
- Safeway pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes
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- Safeway sells at lower prices, made possible by direct and less costly distribution . . . So consumers can afford to increase their consumption.

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"An important part of my diet ever since my first bottle has been Crown Brand Corn Syrup. Now, that may be all right for a little character like myself, but let me tell you, these grown-ups sure are lucky what with Mom serving them Crown Brand Corn Syrup with so many of their dishes. And she uses it in her baking, too, as a sweetener. I can hardly wait until I'm old enough to have some hot waffles or pancakes smothered with delicious Crown Brand. If it's as good as it is in my cereal—mmmmm!"



For years doctors have recommended the use of Crown Brand Corn Syrup as a satisfactory carbohydrate acting as a milk modifier for bottle-fed infants.

**CROWN BRAND  
CORN SYRUP**

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MCB-3

## The Christmas Dinner

New recipes for an old fashioned meal

By MARION R. McKEE



**C**HRISTMAS is a gay and festive time of the year when all the family have a reunion together to celebrate the occasion. Great preparations are made beforehand and the kitchen is humming with activity and filled with delicious odors. The Christmas dinner, which is the crown feast of the year, must reflect a bountiful choice of good food.

A little planning of the food to be eaten on Christmas Day so that part of the preparing is done the day before, will help the homemaker remain cool and calm when the guests arrive. Instead of starting the meal with a soup, some fruits may be mixed into a fruit cup earlier in the day, or even the day before, and set on the table before the dinner begins. Vegetables may be prepared the day before if they are the kind which will not spoil. Pastry for the pies may be made and stored in a cool place ready to be baked and filled.

Breakfast on Christmas Day should be tempting and filling. A breakfast of piping hot sausages and fried apple slices, with some toast and eggs for those who have to go out early into the cold to do the chores, is ideal. Such a breakfast as this gives a grand start for the day's festivities and even though dinner is late, this breakfast is "rib-sticking" and so a late dinner will not matter.

Tradition plays an important part in any Christmas dinner, and each family has a traditional menu which is followed and looked forward to every year. To change this menu would sometimes spoil the dinner for members of the family. However a few new and different touches which would add to the dinner and not take away from the time-followed touches would be desirable.

Usually chicken or turkey is the choice of birds, though some may prefer duck or goose. Why not vary the dressing just a little to give that new and appetizing touch?

### Variety Stuffings:

#### Foundation for Stuffings

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 4 c. cracker or bread crumbs or 2 c. of each | ¾ c. melted butter (more may be used, if a richer stuffing is desired) |
| 4 tsp. poultry seasoning or mixed herbs      | ½ c. milk or hot water   |
| 1½ tsp. salt                                 |  |
| ¼ tsp. pepper                                |  |

Mix cracker and bread crumbs with poultry seasonings, salt and pepper. Stir in melted butter. Add milk and mix into a smooth mass. To vary this foundation recipe, try these:

#### Variations

1. Add giblets parboiled and cut fine.
2. Add 4 sausages parboiled, skin removed, and cut in ½-inch pieces.

3. Add ¼ cup chopped onions, sautéed in melted butter.
4. Add ½ cup raisins and ½ cup nuts chopped fine.

\* \* \*

A variety in muffins and quick breads will find an enthusiastic audience at the Christmas table.

#### Cranberry Muffins

- |                      |                             |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1½ c. flour          | 2 T. butter                 |
| 4 tsp. baking powder | ½ c. milk                   |
| ½ tsp. salt          | ¾ c. cranberry sauce (cold) |
| ¼ c. sugar           |                             |
| 1 egg                |                             |

Cream the butter and sugar, and add the egg well beaten. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk and flour alternately to the above mixture. Then stir in lightly the cranberry sauce. Bake about 15 minutes in a moderate oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit).

\* \* \*

Serve a light salad along with the heavier foods of Christmas.

#### Christmas Salad

- |                    |                                     |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1½ T. gelatin      | 1 c. orange juice                   |
| ½ c. cold water    | Juice of 1 lemon                    |
| ½ c. boiling water | 1 c. finely chopped raw cranberries |
| ½ c. sugar         |                                     |

Soak the gelatin in cold water. Dissolve it in the boiling water; add the sugar, fruit juice and cranberries. Pour into individual molds. When set serve on lettuce and with salad dressing.

\* \* \*

Christmas Plum Pudding comes first as a favorite dessert, but a close second is delicious mince pie.

#### Mince Meat

- |                                   |                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| 1 lb. lean beef                   | 2 T. molasses    |
| 2 c. apples, chopped fine         | 2 T. vinegar     |
| 1½ c. raisins, seeded and chopped | 2 c. brown sugar |
| 1 c. currants                     | 2 tsp. cinnamon  |
| ½ c. suet, chopped fine           | 1 tsp. cloves    |
|                                   | 1 nutmeg, grated |
|                                   | ½ tsp. mace      |
|                                   | 2 tsp. salt      |

Cook the meat in water to cover. Mix all the other ingredients, add the meat stock, bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer for one hour. Stir often and watch that it does not burn. Add the meat, chopped fine. Cook 15 minutes more. This may be used at once or canned for future use. This recipe will make two medium-sized pies.

\* \* \*

If sweet potatoes are available and your family likes them, here is a delicious way to prepare them.

#### Orange Candied Sweet

- |                               |                    |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| 4 medium-sized sweet potatoes | ½ c. corn syrup    |
| 1 c. orange juice             | ½ c. honey         |
| 1 T. grated orange peel       | 1 T. corn starch   |
|                               | 2 T. melted butter |

Wash potatoes and boil till tender, then peel and cut in half, or leave whole, whichever you prefer. Place in oiled baking dish. Mix rest of ingredients and pour over potatoes, bake one hour in oven at 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Garnish with slices of unpeeled oranges that have been laid in the dish about 10 minutes before dinner, to warm and flavor them slightly.



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## Recipe

### BARBECUE SAUCE

3 lb. meat  
Salt  
1/4 cup Heinz Cider Vinegar  
1/2 cup Heinz 57 Sauce  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard

Place meat in a shallow baking pan. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over and bake into meat. Suggestion: Delicious when used with spare-ribs or leg of lamb.

C-17FP

57

SHAKE BEFORE



## Yuletide Candy

Sugar is now available for favorite Christmas candies

HAPPY indeed is the homemaker today when the time comes to make delicious sweets for the Christmas season. Since the rationing of sugar no longer is in effect she may once again bring out her favorite candy recipes and satisfy the family sweet tooth.

Since homemade candy is a treat to everyone, boxes containing two or three kinds are welcome gifts at Christmas, especially to those away from home at this time. Done up in a pretty box and wrappings, candy from your kitchen will be appreciated.

### Divinity Fudge

2 1/2 c. sugar	1 tsp. vanilla
1/2 c. light corn syrup	1 c. chopped nuts
1 egg white	4 glazed cherries
Pinch salt	

Mix sugar, corn syrup and water together, cover and bring to boil slowly. Remove cover and cook over moderate heat. From time to time wipe off the crystals from the sides of the pan with a swab made by wrapping a clean strip of cheesecloth around a fork, then dipping in hot water. (This is important if you want a very fine grained creamy candy). Cook until soft ball stage. Let syrup stand five minutes. Add salt to the egg white and beat till stiff but not dry. Pour the syrup into the egg white in a steady stream, beating vigorously as you add it. Continue beating after all the syrup has been added. Flavor with vanilla and add nuts. Continue beating until the mixture becomes very thick, hard to beat, and is beginning to lose its shine. Drop by spoonfuls as quickly as you can onto greased pans or waxed paper. Garnish with small pieces of glazed cherries. Yield is one pound.

### Molasses Taffy

1 c. white sugar	3/4 c. water
1 c. light brown sugar	3 T. butter
2 c. molasses	1/2 tsp. soda
	1/2 tsp. salt

Put the sugar, molasses and water in a saucepan and cook slowly, stirring frequently. Cook to hard ball stage. Remove from fire, add soda and salt and stir. Pour into a greased pan and let stand till cool enough to handle. Pull until quite firm and of a light, creamy color. Cut and wrap in oiled paper.

### Turkish Mint Paste

3 T. gelatin	Oil of peppermint
2 c. sugar	2 T. lemon juice
1 1/4 c. water	Green coloring

Soak the gelatin in one-half cup cold water. Dissolve the sugar in one-half cup cold water and boil 20 minutes. Remove the syrup from the fire, add the gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Add four tablespoons of cold water and the lemon juice. Color a light green, flavor with peppermint, pour it into a pan which has been wet with cold water and let it stand for four or five hours or overnight on the ice. Cut into squares and roll in granulated sugar.

### Cocoanut Trees

1 c. sugar	1 T. grated orange rind
1/2 c. light corn syrup	2 c. shredded, moist cocoanut
1/4 c. water	
1 T. butter	

Cook sugar, corn syrup, water and butter together until a firm ball is formed when a small amount is dropped into cold water. Remove from heat, add grated rind and cocoanut. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased surface; shape in small trees with finger tips.

### Candy Coated Nut Meats

1 c. brown sugar	1 tsp. vanilla
1/2 c. granulated sugar	2 1/2 c. walnut halves or pecans
1/2 c. sour cream	

Combine brown and white sugars and sour cream and cook to soft ball stage. Add vanilla and beat until it begins to thicken. Add walnut halves or pecans; stir till well coated. Turn out on a greased platter or cookie sheet; separate in individual pieces.

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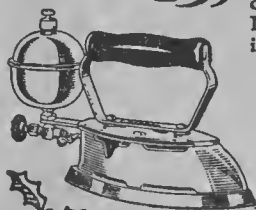


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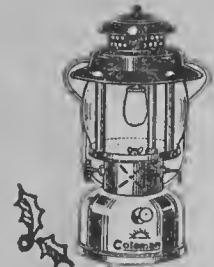
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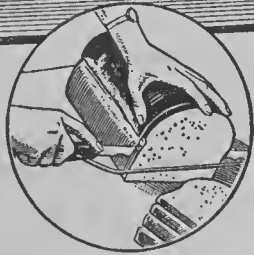
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## ON A CHRISTMAS EVE

Continued from page 44

dreaming that his scribbled "Visit from St. Nicholas" would live on in school readers. School readers, mind you!

Grown-ups too! How they love to honor him. For many years past every Christmas Eve round about Twenty-Third Street and Ninth Avenue in New York a great crowd has gathered. A century ago this was Dr. Moore's orchard; now it calls itself London Terrace, a huge apartment block with doormen and elevator fellows who wear uniforms just like those of the London policemen.

**E**ACH Christmas Eve fully a thousand people gather in the street there. They march around the courtyard of the Terrace led by the make-believe bobbies who light the way with their torches—real ones all red and smoky. Round and round they go making weird shadows as the torches flicker and they wait for the "surprise."

Fifty-four feet tall it stands, the "surprise"—a Christmas Tree! And I mean a real Christmas Tree! One that suddenly breaks out in a blaze of light that takes your breath away. The torches may fade in the splendor but the eyes of the author's admirers always add an inner radiance. They have come to pay homage to Dr. Moore.

The bobbies carrying the torches suddenly call a halt! The big moment has arrived. It's a Plaque! Thousands of eyes rest on it for the next few moments. Even if you didn't know it by heart anyone could read the familiar poem inscribed thereon in the blaze of the lights from the tree.

Surprise follows surprise! The crowd is greeted by two children... "Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus," who with all the confidence in the world usher in a choir. St. Peter's Choir! If shades linger on occasions, the choir's great-grandfathers and grandmothers remember when Dr. Moore himself led the singing in St. Peter's Church and played the organ that he himself donated.

Inspired by the present-day choristers everyone joins in the hymns and the carols. And that is not all! Each year there, the poem is read aloud by a prominent actor. For years it has been broadcast! The profound essays, written by the Professor of Hebrew and Sanscrit, in the General Theological Seminary of New York, have long been forgotten but his nursery rhyme lives on.

At the age of 85 years, Dr. Moore died at Newport, R.I., on July 10th, 1863. He is buried in Trinity Churchyard in New York. Best of all the New York children don't forget him! They make processions too. "Visions of sugar-plums" are kept dancing in their heads... and hearts, as they too, pay tribute to the author of the best-loved and "best-known Christmas poem in the English language." They recite it too, and lay holly wreaths on his grave.

A plump little Dutchman who lived on the Chelsea House estate when it belonged to his father, the Doctor said, was the original of St. Nick.

Time brings change. Less than twenty years ago Chelsea, in the heart of New York, was demolished... Chelsea of the "wide porches, huge chimneys, sweeping lawns and its green trees."

And the Doctor! Dare we hope that together he and the chubby little Dutchman, in spirit still carry on? Is it too much to ask that we be allowed to picture them each Yuletide season hobnobbing together—always the Doctor (with or without the turkey) and the Dutchman, "the little old driver"... Thus making their "Happy Christmas to all and to all a good-night!" a double-barrelled echo of continued goodwill toward man.

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# Womanly Attractiveness

Be alert and follow simple rules that will check and prevent physical signs of age

By LORETTA MILLER

**H**ANDSOMENESS begins at 35! And this is true whether or not the handsome woman was a beautiful girl or whether her looks were below beauty standards. The handsome woman of 35 and over who has learned that good looks, like all good things, must be earned, whose carriage is stalwart and who has that look-you-straight-in-the-eye and head-high confidence, deserves laurels.

One need not follow a strict beauty shop or dressing table routine in order to retain or attain her attractiveness. It's following common sense preventive measures that helps the beauty-wise woman to keep her good looks. It's remembering to walk with head high, abdomen pulled in, shoulders straight all of the time that keeps the figure trim and straight. It may even require an exercise (for the first weeks of a new routine) to accustom the muscles to a more erect carriage.

Here is an exercise designed to strengthen the abdominal muscles, do away with those fatty pads between hips and waistline, and trim the thighs. It must be followed twice each day in order to accomplish its triple purpose. Stand in an open doorway, holding tight to the door jamb, or stand behind a heavy chair, using the chair for balancing, and, resting the weight of the body on the left leg, swing the right leg forward, then backward as far as possible. Do not touch the floor with the foot as you swing the right leg backward, but let the entire movement be unbroken. Repeat this until the right leg has been swung forward and backward 25 times in each direction. Then go through the same exercise with the left leg while resting the weight of the body on the right foot. This is suggested as a two-a-day exercise and may be done any time convenient. Let me add that it is well to try holding the abdomen in while doing the high kicking. This hastens the reducing and at the same time makes short work of firming the muscles.

Many women of 35 and over may find that their once firm, youthful facial contour is losing its sharp lines. Jowls, double chins, and an old looking neck may be the result of bad posture, neglect, or due to the fact that the face was once round and full and is now thin. But take heart! These so-called physical signs of years can honestly be lessened. And here is where the woman who wants handsomeness must learn, and earn, unless, of course, she already holds claim to this title.

**A**JAR of rich lubricating cream and a stiff bristled brush, plus about five minutes each day and an honest desire to prevent or help overcome faulty facial contours are the first requisite. After washing the face with soap and water or cleansing it with cream, moisten the little brush, rub it over the cake of soap, then using a small circular motion, scrub over the throat and underchin and up over the jaws to the ears. Go over and over the throat, chin and jaws until the skin is warm and pink. This means that circulation through these areas has been aroused, which, in turn means that muscles are being strengthened and the skin made smoother and more youthful by the quickened flow of blood through these regions.

Frown lines, too, often contribute their share of unattractiveness to an otherwise handsome face. But these can be done away with if they are not too deeply etched into the skin. The scrubbing method does this bit of near-



Louise Albritton uses a rich cream as a preventative against signs of lines.

magic. In fact, there is no reason why one cannot scrub over the entire face. This is especially beneficial if fine lines are only beginning to make their appearance, if the skin is coarse in texture, or if the facial contour is losing its firmness. When the scrubbed area is pink and glowing, rinse off all soap with cold water and pat the skin dry. Then over the lined regions, pat on a heavy coating of lubricating cream, letting it remain on overnight or for at least one hour.

The special creams made for the matured woman are available in most drug and department stores.

**K**EEPING an eye on one's facial expression is one of the most important bits of advice to the woman who wants to hold her youthful appearance. Going about her household or business duties with her mouth either too set or too relaxed plays havoc to the serenity of the matured woman's expression. And since it is just as easy to cultivate a good habit as a "bad" one, the wise woman is alert to her thoughts which are reflected in her face, and is on guard to see that the corners of her mouth turn upward.

Try out various expressions before your mirror. Use a hand mirror and notice how the chin and underchin lose their firmness when the shoulders are slumped and the head allowed to sag. Then straighten your shoulders and hold your head high. See the beautiful throat lines and the more youthful contours of chin and underchin. Now half-smile. This will turn the corners of the lips up and the whole expression will become more youthful and carefree. Face your mirror and study your reflection. If you are satisfied that your expression is more attractive, by all means make it a habit. And to help you remember try placing little mirrors at various places in your house so that you will come face to face with yourself when you least expect it. This will help discipline you and the newer and nicer expression will soon become a habit.

Hands may show their age quite early in life, but applications of hand lotion or cream, followed by massage, every day, will help keep or make them soft and smooth. Scrubbing the hands before massaging with cream or lotion will have the same effect as scrubbing the face. It arouses circulation.

In addition to any planned exercise routine, it is well for the woman of 35 and over to walk. It keeps the body agile and the muscles firm. When the carriage is correct, walking also forces fresh air into the lungs while the lively steps keep up or step up circulation.

*"Tea as it should be!"*



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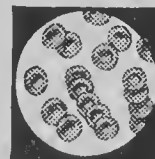
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Marking this the 50th chapter of diary notes covering events and moods of the past seven years

By JOAN M. FAWCETT

Thursday, November 6th, 1947. This is the fiftieth time that I have sent these pages from my diary across the Atlantic for you to read and so to share with me some of the experiences that have come my way since July, 1940. For over seven years, through all kinds of difficulties and dangers, there has been this monthly link between us. No installment was ever lost going across the sea during the war, in spite of enemy action, and only once was one censored. I put in some details about the difficulty of travelling, which apparently were not for export. But what surprises me most, looking back over those years, is how quickly they have gone and yet what a long way off the beginning seems. We didn't think the war would last long then. I know our efforts at black-out curtains were makeshift as if they only had to last perhaps one winter. When I wrote to you first Dunkirk was still a recent experience and England was struggling back onto its feet, how precariously we mercifully did not realize. The Home Guard was being armed with pikes and we prepared for a probable invasion by taking down our signposts and putting up road blocks that any tank could have gone round or over! But at the time we didn't seem to realize this and it gave us confidence.

I wrote: "Today is sewing party day. The women come from the village and nearby farms and we sit around a table in the garden under the acacia tree, or else in the house if it looks like a shower. We make pyjamas and shirts and socks. When we are outside our airmen zoom over us pretty frequently and we look up and wonder where they are off to. Someone usually makes a joke about what they will do with the enemy when they find him." Sewing parties—trees, sunshine and shirts—I remember how preoccupied we country people were with such details during that summer and how unaware we all were of what was in store for us.

BUT by October of that year the picture had changed. The Battle of Britain was over and the London blitz was getting bad. My sister was working there at a first aid post and living in an hotel. She sent me this story, which I passed on to you, about two old people who came from their flat every evening to dine at the hotel and later descend to the cellar, where they spent the night. The old lady was always dressed in a fur coat and a hat with feathers and the old gentleman in a grey suit and a bowler hat, none of which garments they ever removed throughout the long, noisy nights. When the dawn came they set off arm-in-arm to return to their flat and breakfast. Pathetic and gallant! It was all part of that same spirit which made the hotels provide dancing in their cellars and a camp bed to sleep on afterwards if things were too hot outside. But we in the country knew little of this and I wrote to you about work at a nursing home for bombed-out mothers and pheasant shoots in spite of a shortage of beaters, and a village canteen for the soldiers in camp in the fields. I told you about their appetites that mopped up so many eggs and beans, tea cakes and buns. Now it would be more amazing to have so much food to produce, than that it should be eaten.

In June, 1941, came the beginning of clothes rationing and the end of wrapping paper so that we all carried our purchases bare in our hands. Then I thought it strange enough to give you this little picture: "I saw a lovely lady, dressed quietly but well, not in the least

abashed that she carried in one hand a bottle of white wine and in the other a jar of pickles. Another girl had a pair of evening slippers strung round her wrist by the straps. Outside the shop a car waited for an old lady, and I noticed that it had muddy potatoes and roots of celery piled upon the seat beside the smart but aged chauffeur." Now of course we have got so used to it that it seems rather a waste of time to wait for things to be wrapped up, for we always have a large basket or a bag.

It was during the next autumn, I think, that I saw the people still sleeping in the underground stations in London. There was no blitz to speak of that winter but the people still slept underground, probably because they had no homes left. They slept in bunks one above the other on the platforms. Trains screamed in and out but they either sat upon their bunks and chatted to their next door neighbor or slept peacefully as if they were in some cottage in the country.

TIME had crept on, the husband was in West Africa and I told you how I had had six letters from him in one day after being without for weeks. Soap rationing began then after many rumors about the possibility. It was just one more worry for us housewives. I think it was the pettiness of our lives that made us depressed just then. We had a lot to do, but little that we could feel was any direct aid to those fighting, and very little relaxation. We were too far away from towns and from each other during those petrol starved days. Just as apparently we are going to be again now after two years of peace, crazy as it seems. We missed the comradeship and excitement, even if we missed the hardships, of the service women.

And then there were the Christmases of those years. For two years, 1940 and 1941, we were deprived of the joy of the church bells, for they were to be used only for a warning in case of invasion, but they were ringing again for Christmas 1942. I shall never forget the wonderful sound of them on that morning early, when "the church loomed a dark shape against the faintly lightening sky and dim figures hurried through the gloom, lit every now and then by a flash from a torch or a glimpse of light and warmth as the heavy oak door swung open and shut." We had the sound of the bells back but we couldn't yet have the light from the windows.

By 1944 we were talking about post-war reconstruction but the war still went on and I wrote to you in August about the state of England now that we had invaded France and were being invaded ourselves by the flying bomb. We had been expecting a sensational time with the coming of D-Day, with hourly broadcasts, shortages of food, and a stand-still order for civilians but in reality our life went on very much the same. There were perhaps more airplanes and certainly more convoys of lorries during the first few days but it wasn't till the wounded arrived in our towns that we fully realized the gravity of the situation. And then came the flying bombs and as a result the trek of mothers and children from the south of England up to the midlands and the north. We took in a young mother and baby belonging to an airman from the local aerodrome. He was nearly frantic to find somewhere for them to go, for they had been sleeping in a crowded shelter for a month and were getting ill in consequence. It was the time when we had another air force couple living in two of the downstairs rooms and so



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# VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

we were a full house. It worked out all right most days, only now and again tempers got a bit short in the kitchen.

But we were on the last lap and the diary printed in the June issue of The Country Guide, 1945, was headed "Peace comes at last and our thoughts turn to the soldier's return and post-war living." I don't think any of us, for all our "sensible" talk, realized just how difficult that living was going to be. I know I didn't. The husband was demobilized on August 8th and started his horticultural training a month later, and I began to look for a house. We did not find one until the following April and then we had to move in very quickly, for it was the time when homeless people were moving into any empty house they saw and then there was no getting them out again.

And so you and I had come through five years of war together and from then on I was to tell you about England at peace. It is sad that I haven't been able to tell you about quickly returning prosperity and happiness, instead of increasing shortages and restrictions, but they weren't there so I couldn't.

And now it is nearly the end of 1947 and the end of a lovely summer and autumn that have helped us screw up our courage for this winter that is before us, with its shortage of coal and food and petrol. And we have all the romance and excitement of the royal wedding to cheer us and the feeling that soon surely things will take a great leap for the better and that every time I write in my diary for you there will be good news to tell.

## Subtle Reminders



Gift toiletries should be daintily wrapped.

ONE of the best ways to get the members of your family to develop toilet niceties is to give them such accessories that they will thoroughly enjoy using them while at the same time improving their appearance with the use.

If teen-age Jack always has his hair awry, give him a bottle of some kind of hair-lotion that doesn't smell sweet (and "sissy") but keeps his hair in place with very little trouble on his part. Perhaps the kind that Dad uses would be a good idea since small boys like to imitate their dads.

If the young daughter of the house neglects her hands and nails, you'll find she'll take a great deal more interest if you give her a manicure set and some glamorous-smelling hand lotion. And if any of these are in very smart-looking containers, she will be thrilled. This makes no difference to the young man of the family, though!

Make it a habit to "keep your family in toiletries" and you'll find they will be more fastidious and particular about their appearance than ever before. Make it a *must* that each member of the family, on his or her birthday, receive some subtle reminder to good grooming from "Mom." Other gifts may be a part of the day, too, but don't overlook a good-grooming one, even though it may be small.—Louise P. Bell.

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THE COUNTRY GUIDE, December, 1947  
Winnipeg, Man.  
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# The Country Boy and Girl



## Santa Claus and the Rabbit

By MARY E. GRANNAN

**R**OLY RABBIT lived in the north woods, a few miles from the great snow castle of Santa Claus. Roly often went to visit the jolly old man in his work shop. He liked seeing Santa's busy hands making the toys for the children.

One day he said to Santa Claus, "Santa, this Christmas eve, when you take the toys around the world, may I go with you?"

Santa Claus laughed. "Now what on earth do you want to go with me for, Roly?" he asked the little rabbit.

"I'd like to see the world, and the children," said Roly.

"You couldn't see the children, Roly, because they're all in bed when I visit their houses. And as for the world, you couldn't see it either, because I ride over the housetops."

"I'd like to see the housetops," said Roly, "and besides I could help you deliver the toys."

The old man laughed again. "Your white coat would be a fine mess after you'd gone down a few of the sooty chimneys, Roly."

"It'll wash," said Roly.

Santa Claus shook his head. "I think you'd better stay up here in the north woods where you belong, Roly. And if I have any candy canes left in my bag after I get my work done, I'll drop them off to you. How will that be?"

Roly didn't answer. He wanted to go in Santa Claus' sleigh on Christmas eve to deliver the toys. "And I'm going too!" he said to himself as he hopped back to his own home. "If Santa won't take me, I'm going to hide in the back of his sleigh and I'm going to go."

So Christmas eve night, Roly slipped into the ice castle very, very quietly. No one saw him. There was too much of a flurry to notice such a small thing as a rabbit. The reindeer were dancing impatiently. The last bags were being tossed into the big red sleigh. Santa Claus went into the house, to have a look around to see that he had forgotten nothing. While he was gone, Roly leaped into the back of the sleigh and hid snugly and warmly under the bags of toys.

When Santa Claus came out of the house again, he pulled down his ear-laps, pulled up his mittens, leaped into

the sleigh, gave a whistle to the reindeer and was away into the sky.

The moon was very bright that night, and when they were well on their way, Roly peeked out to look down on the world below. Santa didn't see him when he unloaded his first toy bag on a roof top. Roly watched him with interest and wished he might go down the chimney with Santa and his bag. But he kept very quiet indeed.

At the fifth chimney top, Santa Claus slipped on the icy roof and fell. "Oh," he cried, "Oh my wrist! My arm! I'm afraid I've sprained them." He tried to move his arm, and cried out again, in pain. His fingers were already beginning to swell. Roly could see them from his hiding place. Santa tried to grip the chimney top with his fingers, but he could not. He sat down on the roof top, and said, "What am I going to do? What am I going to do? I won't be able to go down the chimneys. I can't even hold the toy bags. The children will have no toys."

It was then that Roly, the little rabbit came from the back of the sleigh. "I'll take them down the chimneys for you Santa Claus," he said.

"Roly Rabbit! Am I ever glad to see you! Where on earth did you come from?" said Santa.

"I've been hiding in your sleigh. You said I couldn't come, so I just stole a ride," laughed the rabbit.

"You shouldn't have done it, Roly. But I'm glad you did. Do you think you can get the toys down the chimneys, if I tell you which toys to take to the different houses?" asked Santa.

"Of course I can," said the little rabbit. "I'm the best Christmas rabbit in all the world. Let's get started."

All night long that little rabbit from the north woods slid down chimneys all over the world, with bags of toys. All night long he piled piles of toys under Christmas trees.

When morning came the work was done, and done well, and Santa and Roly were on their way back to the land of the snows.

"You did a fine job for me, Roly," said Santa Claus. "I don't know what I would have done without you. What would the children have said if there'd been no toys under their trees this morning?"

The children all over the world did

**P**LANs! Secrets! Surprises!—December is full of them, and you, like everyone else have a share in them. Keeping a Christmas gift a secret from one of the members of the family isn't easy and perhaps you feel curious yourself and would like "to take a look around."

Last month we gave you ideas for making Christmas gifts for Mother and small brother or sister. This month we have a suggestion for a gift which is suitable for Dad, older brother or sister. You need only a piece of an old broom stick about twenty inches long and a piece of strong string. Cut a groove completely around your stick about one inch from each end. Tie a piece of string (colored string doubled twice and twisted would make your gift more pleasing) around each end of the stick at the groove, which will prevent the string from slipping off the end. Now paint the stick all one color or in two colors to make a candy cane effect and presto you have it—a newspaper holder for Dad, or a holder for sister's dress belts, or a tie rack for big brother.

We have also sketched some Christmas designs which have several uses. Make them from cardboard and color them to hang on your Christmas tree, or use paper for designs and they will be useful for Christmas seals on your parcels or for place cards at the Christmas dinner table.

Our best wishes for a very "Merry Christmas" to all our readers.

*Ann Sankey*

wonder, however, how there came to be little rabbit tracks under the trees.

## My Own Book of Stories

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**T**HE third story we have chosen for MY OWN BOOK OF STORIES is about a hare and a tortoise that were going to do a surprising thing—they were going to run a race! It all came about this way. A hare (which is very much like a rabbit only larger) was making fun of the slow and clumsy way a tortoise moved about. This annoyed the tortoise so much that he said to the hare, "Very well, I will run a race with you if you are willing."

The hare was more than willing for he thought it would be an excellent chance to show that the tortoise was a slow poke while he was a fine speedy fellow.

At once the tortoise set out without waiting to look behind but the hare said to himself, "I will stop and take a short nap then make one flying run down the field and win the race." So he settled himself under a tree and fell asleep. . . .

After a while he woke with a start (as you see in our picture) and ran around in all directions calling out, "I want to race! Where's the tortoise? I don't see him!"

"Here I am," called the tortoise from the other end of the field, "I won the race while you were sleeping. Slow and steady wins the race. Better luck next time."—A. T.



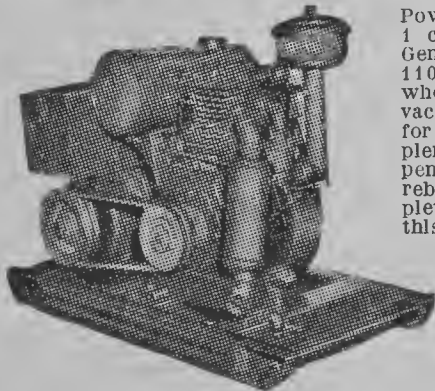
Picture of The Hare and Tortoise to color.

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## Between Ourselves

"IN your November issue you seem to deplore the fact that the argument as to how much a farmer's wife is worth has bogged down for lack of further evidence. I am a farmer and I don't think you have begun to catalog the thousand and one points in favor of the little woman. To begin with, the farmer's wife is usually a lively conversationalist, a talent which saves the farmer thousands of dollars in entertainment. Imagine the bachelor farmer coming in from the field at night, and after supper settling down to a dull evening beside the radio with his favorite farm paper—delicacy forbids me to name it. Could anything be sadder. On the other hand, if he were married think of the inexhaustible conversational entertainment he could enjoy free of charge. In my opinion Prof. Pond's valuation of \$63,000 is extremely conservative."

"Me? I couldn't let my wife go for \$63,000 because I haven't got one. Yours in single blessedness and poverty."—Al. J. Engel, Lemsford, Sask.

"I FIND English stories like English films; too slow in most cases and somehow they leave you feeling flat. Plowman's Prize had that effect on me. Sissy stuff. Stay on this continent with your authors and stories." — Harry Wehner, New Westminster, B.C.

"**PLOWMAN'S PRIZE** and Qu'yuk the Beautiful are tops with me. Let us have more of them."—Mrs. Chas. Laycock, Wilkie, Sask.

**MRS. ARA ELSEY**, Waskatenau, Alta., raises a danger signal of which we have long been aware. She takes exception to articles featuring farmers regarded as successful by generally accepted standards. Some farmers who are featured in the press, we admit, are not too highly rated by their neighbors. The local people know too well the parts of the story which have been left out, defects in character not too readily discovered by visiting writers. She wants us to feature some farmers whose material success has been modest, but who have farmed intelligently, lived public spirited lives, radiating culture and kindness in their small circles to earn the esteem of their neighbors.

We'll go half way with Mrs. Elsey. We'll undertake to keep out success stories which have a peculiar odor to them, insofar as God has given us the wits to detect them. But we can't undertake to make a readable story out of every worthy, but inconspicuous citizen. If farmers read success stories, they do it in the hope of tracking down some novel idea or secret which they can apply to their own work with benefit. No angle, no story. After all, that's about what our policy has been in the past.

SOME time ago the BBC received a charming letter from a village in India. The writer, a local dairyman, has been listening to some of their musical programs which are rebroadcast in the East. Western music, he said, did not mean much to him, but it was appreciated by his cows. Not only did it soothe them, but it increased the milk supply. However, it had to be good music, the music of the masters in fact. Modern dance bands were no good for the purpose. Although the writer could not tell a symphony from a hoe-down, the cows could and they only yielded up the extra milk when the music came up to their exacting standards. At some later date, the Indian dairyman's observations were confirmed by an English farmer, E. Halton, of Abinger, Hangar, who alleged that his cows gave the highest yields to the strains of the 18th century music, such as Haydn's quartets. Swing, he averred, produces a definite kicking-the-bucket tendency. If this could be verified by further experimentation, The Guide would be pleased to carry paid ads from disk makers to this effect: "Your cows need not only hay but Haydn," or "Quarts more from more quartets."

A NEW word seems to have made its way into the English language, judging by the number of times it has been used lately by Prime Minister Attlee and other prominent characters in England. The word is "spiv," and is applied to people who will not work, a class which is being smoked out by the new regulations devised by Sir Stafford Cripps. There has been some debate as to where the word came from. The most logical explanation seems to have come from Macdonald Hastings, who remembers it first when he was on the police force before the war. It was applied to persons held under the Vagrancy Act which makes reference to "Suspected Persons and Itinerant Vagrants." The police condensed the phrase down to its initials. We are reminded about it because of one of our artists who failed to turn up with a drawing for this issue.

WE boiled down the three-day conference on 2,4-D to the one column appearing on page 12. It was much too important an event to treat in this way. But we did it for two reasons. First, the scientists said in effect "We might want to change our minds about some of the things we are now saying." Second, H. E. Wood, Manitoba's Weed Commissioner, is to take the summary of the Canadian experience to an American conference to be held in Kansas City. When this is boiled down to where it will jell, Mr. Wood is going to write it down for publication in a coming issue of The Guide.

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